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WALKS AND WANDERINGS.

NURSERY POETRY.

MEN's tastes are proverbially various. Mine, on the subject of poetry, will, I know, be considered singular. I cannot help that. We have no more control over our tastes than we have, to use Lord Brougham's words, "over the colour of our skin or the height of our stature." I hold that the most erroneous notions obtain in the world, respecting what constitutes true poetry. It were no difficult task to establish this position. It is admitted, on all hands, that that is the best poetry which finds its way most directly to the feelings, and which leaves the most lasting impression on the mind. Whence comes it then, I ask, that Nursery Poetry is so lightly esteemed, while such works as Homer's Iliad, Virgil's Æneid, and Milton's Paradise Lost, are so generally admired and praised! Tried by the above unerring test, the latter works will not bear a moment's comparison with much of the poetry of the nursery; for though we may have

read Homer, Virgil, Milton, and many of the other writers of versification, erroneously called poets, so late perhaps as yesterday, we do not recollect, it may be, a single passage in their writings; while we have a distinct remembrance, not of a detached couplet or two, but of the entire pieces which constitute the staple of nursery poetical reading, though full half a century may have elapsed since we handled any of the Lilliputian half-penny volumes in which such pieces have appeared. Could there, then, I ask, be a greater proof of the impression which the latter class of poetry makes on the mind of the reader, and of the little, or rather, if the phrase be not unclassical, the *no* impression produced by the former?

My position being thus satisfactorily established, my readers will pardon me the expression of my surprise and regret, that the public taste should be so grievously vitiated as to prefer the poetical works of the three personages whose names I have mentioned, and of others which might have been added, to the infinitely higher order of poetry which abounds in the nursery.

This anomalous and discreditable state of things shall no longer exist,—if I can help it. I have determined to come forward, as no other person better qualified for the task seems disposed to undertake it, as the champion of those great poetic geniuses who reign paramount in the nursery, though so shamefully neglected by "children of a larger growth." This is an undertaking far more noble than any recorded in the page of modern history. There is nothing so truly worthy in the voluminous annals of chivalry. Were it not that the one related to a future world, and was immediately connected with man's religious interests, and that the other has reference to intellectual merit alone, I would not shrink from comparing the nobleness

of the task I have undertaken with that of the Crusaders of the twelfth century, when they devoutly and heroically marched to the Holy Land, to expel the infidels from the sacred territory.

I regret, and it is a disgrace to the age in which we live, that I should be left to engage single-handed in this glorious enterprise. Had Mr. Canning been alive, I should have found in him an able coadjutor. In his younger years he gave convincing proof of the estimation in which he held Nursery Poetry ; and not only showed that he could duly appreciate its transcendant merits, but that he could ably vindicate its claims to the admiration of all possessed of sufficient intellect to discern its excellencies. In the "Microcosm," a periodical work which he conducted when an 'Eton Boy,' he published two masterly papers, admirable alike for the eloquence of their style and their critical discernment, on the well-known nursery poem beginning with

"'The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day."

That Mr. Canning did not pursue the glorious and useful career which he thus early pointed out for himself, is solely to be ascribed to the circumstance of his comprehensive mind having been, from that period until the time of his death, occupied with the weightier matters of state. Had he only been spared to accomplish to some extent the objects most dear to his heart; namely, of "calling new worlds into existence," and regenerating the old, there can be no doubt that he would have devoted all the faculties of his mind for the remainder of his life, to the promotion of the praiseworthy purpose I have mentioned.

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"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." Encouraged by the assurance, that the object I have in view involves, in an eminent degree, not only the abstract principles of justice, but the interests of our national literature, I proceed fearlessly and at once, to the performance of my task.

The only thing about which there can be any doubt or difficulty, is the particular nursery poem I should commence with. The claims of several to the distinction of priority in the specification of their merits are so nicely balanced, that I am at a loss to say to which I ought to give the preference. I am particularly distracted amidst the conflicting claims of three beautiful little well-known poems. The first I refer to is that commencing with

"Who killed cock robin?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I killed cock robin."

The second is "The House that Jack built;" and the third is the popular poem of "Jack and Gill." As the last is the shortest, I shall begin with it.

Though it be very unusual for critics to quote the whole of the poem they are about to criticise, I do not feel myself "obligated," as they say at the police offices, to follow the general example. I am perfectly independent in everything, and in nothing more so than in matters pertaining to criticism. Here then is the poem to whose matchless excellencies I am about to call the attention of my readers:—

"Jack and Gill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after!"

It will at once be perceived by the intelligent reader, that this poem has in it all the qualities of

a heroic poem. The grand essentials of such a poem are admitted on all hands, from Aristotle down to the most modern critic, to be, that it have a hero, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is undeniable on the face of it, that this poem possesses all these properties. It has certainly a hero, and a heroine to the bargain : so much the better. To go into any lengthened or elaborate arguments to prove that the poem has a beginning, a middle, and an end, would be justly deemed an unpardonable insult to the understanding of my readers.

The way in which the poem commences is particularly happy. Had Homer been the author, he would have begun with an invocation to the "heavenly goddess" to assist him. Virgil would have apostrophised "the muse ;" and Milton would have supplicated the inspiration of the "heavenly muse." There is nothing of the kind here ; the poet's good sense taught him to discard all such nonsense. What do readers care about "heavenly goddesses," "sacred nines," "celestial muses," and so forth ? All they want is a good poem. If the poet courts "the muse," and wishes, like the kindred moonstruck swains who are captivated with the charms of some terrestrial damsel, to fall down on his knees and worship his mistress, why, let him by all means do her homage to his heart's content, but let it be done in secret ; let him not expose himself to the unhallowed gaze of a vulgar world. If the nymphs of Helicon have a particle of modesty in them, they must frown on all such worshippers, and spurn their proffered addresses.

One great fault of all the heroic poems which have attained any celebrity, is, that their authors weary the reader with tedious and elaborate exordiums, before they reach the subject-matter of the poem. Not so in the instance before us. The poet

at once introduces us to the hero and heroine. Let the reader attend to the very first line :—

"Jack and Gill went up the hill."

A poet of less judgment than my author would certainly have drawn largely on the time and patience of the reader, by a lengthened description of the hill which Jack and Gill ascended. He would have been quite verbose in telling us what was its physical condition,—inflicting on us, in all probability, a geological treatise, either in metre or blank verse, as the case might be. Here there is nothing of the kind : not a word is said either of the size or the physical aspect of the hill. It may have been a hill whose summit, to use the amorous phraseology of other poets, "kissed the clouds ;" or it may have been one of much more lowly proportions. Then the poet is equally silent as to the appearance of the hill. Was it a hill with a surface of sand ? Or with a rocky physiognomy ? Was its surface clad with the "green, green grass ?" Or did it exhibit a covering of heath ? These are questions which the poet very properly forbears to touch on, far less to answer. He leaves the reader to form his own ideas of the hill, and, in so doing, pays his understanding the highest compliment. I hate minuteness in anything ; it invaribly destroys the effect. Here it would have been fatal to the poem.

The author, with equally good judgment, forbears to tell us how Jack and Gill ascended the hill. He very wisely contents himself with informing us that they "went up the hill." Any other poet would have dosed us with some forty or fifty pages of description touching the ascent of the two youths. In this as in the case just mentioned, the poet leaves everything to the imagination of his readers. Whether Jack and Gill took only a few minutes

or as many hours to reach the top, is a matter on which we are left to form our own judgment. Nor is the slightest hint given us as to the mode of the ascent. It may have been in the usual way—that is to say, the heroic youths may have walked up the hill, or they may have crawled to the top on all fours. The great charm of the line consists in the unbroken silence which the poet maintains on these points.

In the second line, the poet unfolds to us the object for which the youths ascended the hill. It was

"To fetch a pail of water."

The author abstains from telling us whether they had gone up the hill of their own accord, on this errand, or whether they had been sent by their parents. We are left to our own conclusions on the subject. On either assumption, we feel most deeply interested in the dear children, and admire their conduct. If they went of their own free will, it shows how anxious they were to anticipate the wants and wishes of their parents, by bringing them a pail of water before it was required. If, on the other hand, they went up the hill in obedience to the expressed wishes of their father and mother, the circumstance shows the warmth of their filial regard, and a sense of parental duty, which, in these days of juvenile degeneracy, cannot be too warmly commended. Though I fondly hope that so melancholy a result will not ensue from obedience to parents in other cases, I would anxiously press on my youthful readers the propriety of the example thus set them by these excellent youths. Parental obedience is one of the cardinal virtues of "little boys and girls."

The plot now thickens, and the *denouement* is at hand.

"Jack fell down and broke his crown."

Poor dear boy! The poet makes no appeal to the feelings of his readers: he does not attempt to awaken their sympathies at the fate of unfortunate Jack: he contents himself with a simple statement of the calamity which befel him. All this is perfectly right and proper on his part. His silence is far more expressive than would have been anything he could have said. He gave full play to the reader's imagination: and that person must be equally destitute both of imagination and feeling who can think of the fate of poor Jack without shedding a tear over it. "Broke his crown!" It is fortunate it was not his neck. His crown *possibly* may have been mended again, though I fear it never was. But, alas! no surgery is equal to the task of repairing the injury which a broken neck entails. It is death at once—death as certainly as when the neck is stretched by the "finisher of the law."

But what of Jack's companion? The reader shall hear:—

"And Gill came tumbling after."

Moralists tell us, that calamities do not come singly. How strikingly is the aphorism illustrated in the case of these interesting youths! Their days are prematurely ended—that is to say, if the accident proved fatal—at the same time and in the same way. They were, as far as we can judge, strongly attached to each other in life: how truly may it be said of them, that in death they were not divided? How they had lost their equilibrium, and consequently fallen down the hill, is a matter on which the poet is mute. Another proof of his skill: for the mind is so absorbed in sorrow at the fate of the little darlings, as to be incapable of bestowing

a single thought on the cause of the accident.* He also, with equal propriety, abstains from saying a word about the pail and the water. A poet of inferior judgment would have said something about the pail; would have told us whether it also fell down the hill, or remained at the top; as if the reader were capable of withdrawing his sympathies for one moment from Jack and Gill, and transferring them to the utensil which they had in their hands when the unfortunate occurrence took place.

The author does not say as much, but I do not think any of my readers will differ in opinion from me when I mention, that I presume the youths were brother and sister. In that case, the circumstances connected with the unhappy accident could only be second in their affecting interest to those under which the "Babes in the Wood" perished. I will not refer to what must have been the feelings of their parents. If their grief could have been assuaged, it must have been by the deep and general sympathy which all the neighbours must have felt and manifested at the melancholy catastrophe.

The reader must have been struck with the absence of all meretricious ornament in the poem to which I have called his attention. Any other poet would, if the fact had not been really so, have represented the occurrence as having taken place on a fine summer's morning or evening, in order that he might have had an opportunity of introducing the usual common-places about "the melody of feathered choristers," "gentle zephyrs," "the golden radiance of the sun," &c.: supposing that

* It is right to mention that I put the fatality of the accident hypothetically. The poet is silent as to that point. Perhaps, after all, the young innocents recovered from the effects of their fall, though I have proceeded on a contrary assumption.

to interlard the incidents of the story with such glittering nonsense as this, would give it an additional effect. Our poet knew better. He knew that what Thomson says in his "Seasons" of female beauty, holds equally true of poetry; namely, that

> ——————"It is,
> When unadorned, adorned the most.

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit; it is the soul of poetry also. The poet ought, above all things, to avoid what is called "spinning out." It is the besetting sin of poets—the grand rock on which so many thousands of them make shipwreck of their reputation. The poem of "Jack and Gill" I commend in this respect to their special attention. It constitutes an example which they ought to follow. It contains as much in its four lines as is to be met with in many a goodly-sized octavo. It has in it, as I have said and shown, all the elements of a grand heroic poem. In other words, it *is* a grand heroic poem.

Who the author is, is not known. This is the greater pity, as he is by that means deprived of the distinguished fame which his poem must have insured him. It is certain of immortality: so would the author have been, had he been known. However, regrets on this head are unavailing now.

Dr. Johnson used to say, that he would much rather have been the author of the well-known ballad of "Chevy Chase," than of all his own works put together. I am not yet so voluminous a writer as Dr. Johnson; but I certainly must say, that I would infinitely rather be the author of "Jack and Gill," than of all the works which have proceeded from my pen. Of this I am quite certain, that no-

thing of mine will ever attain so extensive or lasting a popularity.

I trust I have said sufficient to raise the poem of "Jack and Gill" to its proper rank in the world of poetry. There are other Nursery Poems for which I must do a similar service, as soon as I am in a condition to devote the requisite attention to the subject.

CONFESSIONS OF PETER PUG.

My name is Peter Pug. I never was in love but twice. I have no wish to be in it a third time. I lost my first inamorata by a blunder of my own; the fault of my losing the second, does not attach to me: it rests with the young lady herself.

I will not weary the reader with a long story respecting the ways and means whereby I got acquainted with my first Dulcinea; neither will I attempt to be minutely eloquent in praise of her charms. I am fond of a nervous, condensed style of writing; particularly, when speaking of either of the two girls I loved. I say then at once, that Jemima was a perfect angel, both personally and intellectually. What more could I say in her praise, though I were to write till doomsday?

I never take things, particularly in matters relating to love, in moderation: I like to be either hot or cold. I have no conception of an intermediate state of feeling. Nature has endowed me with unusually strong feelings and passions. I was desperately in love with Jemima; and, what is more, I thought I had every reason to believe that she loved me in return,—if not so violently, at least to such a degree as ought to have made me satisfied.

Those whom we love, we like to speak of. So says the proverb, and so say I. Nothing in the world afforded me greater pleasure than to hear other people speak of Jemima—always excepting

the hearing herself speak—because I knew it was not in human nature to utter a word about her except what was in her praise. When my acquaintances betrayed no disposition to speak of her charms of their own accord, I generally contrived to decoy them into the subject by some means or other.

Two of my acquaintances had a particularly excellent taste as regarded the ladies. I knew full well from an indirect source, how highly they thought of Jemima; but, somehow or other, they provokingly eschewed, notwithstanding all my attempts to trepan them into it, the subject of her charms when conversing with me.

I determined one day to fall on some scheme or other to call them out; not to fight, far from it; but to call them out in the way of expressing what they thought of the attractions of Jemima. I spent an entire blessed day in ruminating on the best way of doing this. After proposing and abandoning, in my own mind, countless devices for the purpose, many of them, I am convinced, excessively ingenious, I concluded that the best plan would be to get my two friends and self seated in the head inn of the place, and to begin discussing a bottle of the grateful grape; not doubting that the infinitely more agreeable topic of the peerless attractions of Jemima would be substituted ere long.

It is no crime, is it, to be poor? I know there are those who practically think so; but this comes of ignorance and a want of principle. I have no hesitation in admitting that I *was* poor when in love with Jemima: with my *present* circumstances the world has nothing to do. I consoled myself in my poverty with the reflection, that it is often with lovers as with poets; that is to say, that the poorest make the best. As to poor men making first-rate lovers, I had an example in myself which abundantly satisfied me on the point. As to *poor* poets very often

making the *best* poets—there is no Irishism here—my extensive learning supplied me with innumerable proofs. Does the reader want any? Let him take the instances of Homer, Terence, Tasso, Dryden, Otway, Chatterton, Goldsmith, and a thousand others.

But why acquaint the public with my poverty? Because when they have read what follows, they will be the better able to appreciate the ardour of my affection for Jemima.

I have said that I intended to invite my two friends to partake of a bottle of wine with me at the head inn of the place. I knew the liquid was not to be got for nothing. I knew more than this: I knew the precise price that would be charged. When I had formed the resolution of treating my friends to a bottle, I had neither gold, silver, nor copper in my pocket. To speak a truth, I had not handled any of the circulating medium for some days before. My only expedient therefore was, to levy on the pockets of my friends: not in the way of charity; for poor as I often have been, that I have always scorned; but in the way of procuring a temporary loan,—though I must confess that some of my loans have not been so temporary as I could have wished, and as I persuaded myself they would be at the time of contracting them.

By the kindness of eight of my friends—two of them severally advanced me a sixpence, it not being convenient to go farther at the time, and the remainder a shilling each—by the kindness of my friends, I raised the sum of seven shillings. I was much elated at my success, notwithstanding the rebuffs and denials I had met with from several persons of whom better things might have been expected.

My first determination was to go to the Flying Eagle with my pockets replenished to the extent

just mentioned; but on second thoughts, as the occasion was rare, and the object was one of the most glorious kind, I determined that I should dedicate a bottle of champagne to Jemima; port, sherry, &c., being infinitely too common for such an occasion.

Though I had never tasted champagne in my life, I knew by report that it was one of the best kinds of wine, and I knew, moreover, that sixteen shillings was the price of a bottle. Usually, I am decidedly averse to borrowing money of my friends; indeed, I have a sort of horror for the task, and the experience I had just had in that way, was not calculated to abate that horror. But what will not a man do that is *really* in love? What would not I at that time have done for Jemima? Had she but said the word, I would have encountered a legion of tigers; I would have essayed to discover a passage to the North Pole; I would have voyaged round the world in a fishing-boat; I would have traversed the continent of America on all fours; I would have scaled the highest point of Mount Blanc, and vegetated a month, or longer, amidst its eternal snows; I would have approached nearer than ever human being did before, the crater of Mount Etna; nay, I would have dashed into it if I had thought there were any chance of getting out again,—I would have done all this, and a million times more; everything—anything, in short, within the range of possibility, for Jemima. Was I to hesitate a moment, then, in throwing myself anew on the generosity of my acquaintances, to make up what was short of the sixteen shillings? They did not know me: they did not know my regard for Jemima, who would have done me the injustice to suppose I would shrink from the task.

I set out on my borrowing mission, and after four hours' hard unremitting labour, and travelling a distance, including the ascending and descending

of stairs, of full seven miles, raised the additional nine shillings.

Seven o'clock in the evening came, and I called on my two particular friends, whom I chanced to find together.

"Chaps," said I, "I have no objections to treat you to a bottle of wine to-night, if you'll go with me to the Flying Eagle."

"What's ado?" says the one.

"A bottle of wine! There must be something unusual to-night," observed the other.

"Never you mind," said I, addressing both at once, "come away with me, come."

"Oh! I have it, I have it!" suggested one of my acquaintances to the other. "He's going at last to be married to Jemima; come and let us go and congratulate him on his good fortune."

"With all my heart," said the other.

We departed that instant: in five minutes we were comfortably seated in the best room in the Flying Eagle.

I rang the bell smartly; the waiter appeared. "John," said I, pulling myself up as I spoke, "bring us here a bottle of your champagne."

"Yes, sir," said John, accompanying the words with one of the lowest and politest bows ever made to me before or since. He wheeled round, and bounded out of the apartment to bring us the champagne.

It was brought us with due despatch. I uncorked the bottle. I filled a glass to each; and then emptied my one to the health of my two friends.

"Your very good health, Peter," said each of my friends preparatory to inverting his glass.

I have already said that I never tasted champagne before. I ought to have said the same of my two friends. I thought the juice of the grape con-

foundedly sour, and swore in my own mind, that if the bottle on the table were disposed of, I should never put champagne to my lips again for mortal man. Much, however, as I abominated the liquid, I was bound in honour, as I had invited my friends to partake of a glass with me, not to give in, so long as there was a drop in the bottle.

I could easily have seen, though my friends had been "dummies," that they relished the champagne no better than myself. The grimaces they made on quaffing their first glasses, were absolutely frightful. It would have been perilous in the extreme for any woman, in a nameless way, to have seen them. My friends would, beyond all controversy, have carried off the palm from the celebrated cobbler whose grinning capabilities Addison has recorded in the Spectator. It is even questionable whether their grins were not as good of their kind, as the "horrible grin" and "ghastly smile" of Milton's fallen angel. Still, however, in the excess of their good nature, my friends made no complaint, farther than saying, that they wondered people thought champagne so good.

I filled another bumper to self and friends. "I suppose now," said the one, "we must drink the health of Miss Jemima Robson;" holding up the glass, as if about to quaff its contents.

"Most certainly; Miss Robson's health, with all my heart," said the other, with an emphasis which made a doubt as to the cordiality with which the toast was drunk, altogether impossible.

My friends' glasses were emptied instanter. "Gentlemen," said I, "as you have been pleased to associate Jemima's name with mine, permit me, in her absence, to return you"——I was going to speak of thanks; but the contortions of the two faces before me so far exceeded anything I have ever before seen or imagined, that I was frightened

out of what I was going to say : I abruptly terminated my intended speech, brief though it was meant to be.

"Gentlemen," said one of my acquaintances, after his features had assumed a more earthly aspect, "Gentlemen, you'll excuse me, I have an appointment with a friend to-night ; the time is up, I must be gone."

The other had plainly some similar pretext on his lips for also abdicating his seat, and leaving me to drink the champagne myself, but was prevented coming out with it by my immediately starting to my feet and seizing hold of the first speaker, adding, as by dint of manual force I placed him again on his seat, "no nonsense, now ; you *must* stay until we finish the champagne."

I had scarcely resumed my seat when Boniface, the waiter, and a clumsy-looking fellow of a wine-merchant, rushed into our apartment, the face of each being a perfect personification of horror.

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon," said the landlord earnestly.

"Gentlemen, I am truly sorry for the mistake," said the clownish-looking vender of wines.

We were all thunderstruck. "What can be the cause of the strange intrusion ? what the meaning of these apologies ?" inquired each of us in our minds.

"What's the matter ? What mistake is it ?" asked I, after a moment's hesitation. My two friends were speechless all the time ; they did nothing but gaze with amazement at the half-petrified trio.

"The champagne, sir," said Boniface.

"The vinegar, sir," said the wine-merchant, emphatically. Both speakers addressed their discourse to me.

"*What* vinegar ?" said I, somewhat tartly.

"Gracious, gentlemen," remarked the waiter, who all this while was silent, "you have by mistake got a bottle of vinegar instead of champagne."

To do justice to the scene which followed, the reader must stretch his imagination to the utmost.

My friends and self exchanged looks with each other. For some time we were so confounded by the announcement as to be unable to speak. I recovered myself first. "Explain yourself!" said I, somewhat angrily.

With great difficulty, and after interspersing their explanations with a legion of "beg your pardons," and "am very sorry for the mistake," from each and all of the blockheads, they managed to make us understand, that champagne being a species of wine which was seldom called for, the landlord had not a bottle in the house at the time; that the waiter was naturally anxious to conceal the paucity of mine host's supplies, and with that intent ran with breathless haste to the wine-merchant's shop to get a bottle of champagne for us; that the wine-merchant himself being out at the time, the boy who kept the shop—which boy was quite "raw," being a new importation from the mountains—gave John a bottle of vinegar instead of champagne, which bottle the waiter placed before us in a twinkling; that the wine-merchant on his return discovered the blunder which had been committed, and ran that instant and apprized Boniface of it; and that as the business and character of both, waiter and all, were likely to suffer from the circumstance, they had all three resolved to come and beg our pardons, and to implore us not to let the thing be known.

My tongue let loose for once. Addressing myself to Boniface, I told him it was with him as landlord of the Flying Eagle I had to do; and accordingly I abused him in most unmeasured terms. Boniface shifted the blame from his own shoulders

to those of the waiter, whom he scolded most unmercifully, while poor John reproached, as he best could, the wine-merchant for leaving ignorant boys in the shop in his absence. In short, there was nothing but downright abuse going on among us; while the little rogue of a shop-boy, who had done all the mischief, escaped, like Cowper's thief in the celebrated lashing affair, with perfect impunity.

The whole matter oozed out that evening; and before next day the town, from one end to the other, rang with it. If the then current report may be credited many of the lieges seriously hurt themselves by the immoderate fits of laughter it occasioned. And, to crown the untowardness of the affair, the provincial paper—one of the most despicable and unprincipled and stupid prints extant—narrated all the circumstances in its next publication. It wickedly called Jemima "the Vinegar Lady"—a title which has ever since been kept up on her.

The reader will be prepared for the conclusion; Jemima never looked on me in mercy after the awkward occurrence. It so deeply chagrined her, that, in four months after, she emigrated to Van Dieman's Land, where I hope she is now happy.

It were useless to attempt any description of how I felt after being "cut" by Jemima; especially, as she and I were on terms of marriage; of which fact I now inform the reader for the first time. Time, however, gradually diminished my misery. Ere twelve months elapsed I was in love a second time.

I mean to be as brief in my description of my second Dulcinea as I was in that of Jemima. Her name was Letitia: observe what fine names both my inamoratos had. Letitia was as pretty and virtuous as Jemima; and that is saying a great deal. I have often thought that none but themselves could

be their parallels. I first fell in love with Letitia at a tea-party; but had no opportunity of letting her know the impression she had made on me for some weeks after—which weeks I thought so many ages. When I did get my mind opened to her, she assured me she had felt towards me exactly in the same way. What a lucky coincidence! thought I. I devoutly thanked my stars for being so propitious. She asked me to write some poetry for her album, assuring me she *knew*, without condescending to tell me how she had come by the knowledge, that I had great genius and an admirable taste that way. I can call the gods to witness that I never wrote a line of poetry, of my *own*, in my life. However, there was no necessity for telling Letitia that. With the assistance of Moore I managed to write for my inamorato's album. "Now," says she emphatically, as she read it, "I *knew* what you could do."

In two months our marriage day was fixed. I need not waste time in describing how matters progressed to this consummation. Suffice it to say, that when I got Letitia to "say the word," I was on the very best terms with myself; more especially as I knew that I had had several rivals to contend with.

To be sure, even after she was pledged to me, one of these—Braemar was his name—continued his visits; but Letitia could not be so uncivil as to order him out of the house when he called. I had not the most distant apprehensions of any danger from the visits of Braemar; but I must own I suffered a good deal of annoyance from the circumstance, as ill-natured people made a bad use of it. I was teased out of my life with insinuations and allegations, that Letitia was only playing the coquette with me; nay, that she was deliberately and systematically fooling me, and that Braemar was

the object of her affections, and would eventually be her husband.

I could have mustered up fortitude enough to have borne all this in so far as self was concerned; but there was *another* party interested: the character of Letitia was reflected on, and *that* I could not endure. To afford an example to others, I one evening called out an ugly-looking fellow, who made unusually free in his insinuations as to the sincerity and constancy of Letitia's affection for me. The challenge was given at a late hour one evening in a public-house, in presence of two other persons, one of whom I chose for my friend; my adversary selected the other as his second.

I was anxious, in the heat of the moment, to have fought my opponent at once; but the darkness of the night precluded the possibility of that. We appointed an early hour next day for carrying into effect our mortal intents,—the place, an adjoining barn. The reason why we chose the barn as the scene of our duel was, that if we went to an open field, those officious gentry called police officers, would have had a chance of discovering our object, and consequently preventing both of us from displaying our courage, and me from vindicating the character of the adored and immaculate Letitia.

I cannot describe my feelings on my return home after having given the challenge. I shuddered at the idea of killing a fellow-being; but, to speak a truth, I shuddered more at the idea of being killed myself. To powder and shot I had always a strong aversion from my infancy: now that I had foolishly exposed myself to both, I absolutely sickened at the bare idea of them! I thought of the perilous predicament into which I had stupidly brought myself, and I trembled from head to foot. Never did my frame so shake before. Stand I could not: sit or lie I could not. I tossed myself alternately on

my bed and rose and staggered through my apartment. Oh the horrors of that night! A thousand times did I think of sending an apology to my opponent for having challenged him, and begging that nothing farther might be done in the business: but then I knew if I did, I should for ever be held up to public ridicule as a coward, and most likely offend and lose Letitia to the bargain. Death, bad as it is, would have been nothing to this. I resolved, therefore, whatever should be the consequences, to meet my antagonist.

Morning came; so did the hour appointed for the duel. We were, seconds and all, punctual to the moment. We entered the barn, shut and locked the door. A pistol—oh how I hated the sight of the deadly weapon!—was put into my hand; so was another into the hand of my adversary. The ground was measured, or rather guessed at, at random, and the word "fire!" having been pronounced by one of the seconds, we both levelled our pieces. My one snapped.

* * * * * * * *

For most of the information which follows I am indebted to my second. The pistol of my antagonist went off, and I fell, uttering, as I embraced the cold stone floor, a strange unearthly sound, clearly under the impression I had been mortally wounded. In my fall I, somehow or other, caused the barrel of my pistol to come in forcible contact with my nose, whence the blood gushed in a copious stream. Dreadful spectacle to my adversary! He thought I would not survive a moment. His imagination conjured up to him the hangman and gallows, with all their attendant horrors; and he stood motionless, as if he had been a block of marble. The seconds raised me from the ground; and were most

exemplary and earnest in their efforts to convince me that I was still in the body. They succeeded, but not without spending a word of eloquence on me. My joy and that of my antagonist at learning I was still living, and likely to live, were about equally great.

It was now that my opponent and self learnt for the first time, that our seconds had arranged betwixt themselves to load the pistols with powder only; so that we might endure all the horrors of going through a duel without receiving any injury.

My antagonist and I shook hands in token of reconciliation, and all of us returned to our respective homes. The first thing I heard on entering my lodgings was, that Letitia and Braemar had that morning eloped together.

THE RIVALS;

OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FRIEND.

During the last three years I spent at school, two of my class-fellows and I cherished a very warm attachment to each other. In almost all our hours of relaxation from study, we contrived to associate together; and always regretted the existence of those circumstances which imposed on us the necessity of even the most temporary separation. It was so ordered, however, in the mysterious appointments of Providence, that I was to be at last parted from my two young friends, for a long period,—it might be forever. By this time I had received all the education which the comparatively limited finances of my parents could afford to give me, and an excellent situation being offered me in a foreign clime, I at once accepted it; and, after doing the utmost violence to all the feelings and susceptibilities of my heart, I tore myself from the clinging embraces of friends; abandoned the endeared scenes of my earlier years and all my past happiness; and repaired to a distant land where I knew no individual, and was known to no one.

At this eventful and trying period of my life, I was in my eighteenth year; and even so early as this I was not altogether unacquainted with the workings of what is emphatically designated the tender passion. There was *one* of the other sex—

a young girl, whose personal attractions were only rivalled by her intellectual accomplishments and virtuous disposition, who had made a deep and abiding impression on my heart. She was the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of the village of Ardmore, in the west of Scotland; the place in which my parents and those of my two schoolfellows already referred to, resided. The latter were as intimately acquainted with Matilda Gordon (such was her name) as myself; but I had not the remotest idea at that time—would that I had never been apprized of the fact!—that either of them had ever felt towards her any other emotion than that of esteem; an emotion with which all must have regarded her who had an opportunity of observing the amiable qualities she possessed.

Such was the sincerity and ardency of my affection for this interesting young girl, that but for the dependent nature of the situation for which I was about to depart, I would, even at that early period of my life, have made proposals of marriage to her. As it would, however, in all the circumstances of the case, have been a matter of imprudence in me to have proposed immediate marriage, or to have solicited her hand against any future period, when the distance of space and time by which we were to be separated from each other, placed us both within the probable influence of numerous important contingencies which neither of us could control, I deemed it the wisest course for me to pursue, not to divulge even to herself or to any other individual under heaven, that I regarded her with any other feelings than those of common friendship.

It was in the month of June, 1810, that I set out for Kintray, a small town in one of the States of North America. In the course of my voyage nothing of a striking or extraordinary character occurred; and in something less than seven weeks

from the day on which I left my native village, I safely reached the place of my destination.

As there are no incidents of a romantic nature associated with my residence on the other side of the Atlantic, it will not be necessary to detain the reader with an account of it. It may be sufficient to mention, that, during the eight years I was absent from my native country, the image of Matilda was frequently before my mind's eye amid the ordinary occupations of the day; and was often present to my imagination, beaming in all its unrivalled loveliness, when fast locked in the embraces of Morpheus during the silence of the night. Still, however, although I had frequent correspondence with the two young friends to whom I have already more than once referred, I carefully abstained from making any inquiries of them or of any one else, respecting Matilda; simply because, as already mentioned, no second party in existence had any idea of the place she occupied in my affections. It so happened, therefore, that notwithstanding the deep interest I felt in Matilda, I did not hear a single syllable in reference to her, during the long period —more than seven years—I had been in a far distant land. About this time, however, I received a letter from my parents, in which, after mentioning several other matters of local intelligence, they stated, "Your old acquaintance, Miss Matilda Gordon, is well, and still unmarried." Those only who have felt the operations of a love, at once ardent and honourable, can form any conception of the supreme gratification which this laconic sentence administered to my mind. It had to me a power, an eloquence, and a charm, such as no other piece of human composition I had ever before met with, possessed. Frequent indeed were the perusals I gave it. I could not, in fact, withdraw my

eyes from it ; and every fresh perusal of it added a cubit to my happiness. Never before did I experience—never since have I experienced—and I feel an immovable conviction pressing on my mind that I never shall in future experience, I mean so long as in this world, the felicity I then enjoyed. I had not, before I first gazed on the words which constitute the short sentence in question, any idea of how much bliss human nature, notwithstanding all the imperfections and infirmities which attach to it, is susceptible in this world.

A short time prior to the date at which I received the letter alluded to, my employers had made proposals to me, to enter into partnership with them, after the lapse of six months from the time at which these proposals were made. From the extremely liberal terms on which it was proposed that I should be admitted to a share of my employers' business, I could not but accept of the offer; stipulating, however, which was readily agreed to, that before I entered into the concern, I should be allowed to visit my native country, and spend a few weeks with my relatives and friends.

The receipt of the letter already referred to, from my parents, made me engage with additional activity in preparing for my intended journey; for I had fully resolved to marry Matilda, if no obstacles should be interposed by her to a consummation so devoutly wished for by me. In a fortnight afterwards, I set out, not for Scotland in the first instance, but for Ireland; in one of the districts of which I had some business of importance to transact for my employers. I arrived at Dublin in eight weeks from the date of my leaving the place of my residence in America.

After three days' stay in the Irish metropolis, I left it on one of the stage coaches, for the county of Limerick; at one of the towns of which I arrived

in due course, and remained in it, principally engaged in business, for twenty-four hours. One of my most intimate friends in America had forwarded by me a letter to his relations, who resided about six miles from this place; extorting from me a promise, when setting out on my journey, that, as I was to be in the town of Rathmore, I should do him the favour of delivering his letter in *propria persona*. With the view of fulfilling the promise I had made my friend, I left Rathmore at six o'clock in the evening for the residence of his parents and relations. As the weather was extremely fine—it was towards the end of August—and I had got directions which I thought would render it in the highest degree improbable I should mistake the way to the place to which I was going, I set out on foot by myself; being desirous of enjoying the pleasures of a walk in the open country, after so long a sea voyage. Part of my way lay through a rather unfrequented path; and just at the very moment at which I was in the most lonesome portion of it, the sky, which, but a few minutes before, was as bright and beautiful as ever mortal eye gazed on, all at once assumed a most louring aspect; an aspect which proved but two portentous of the dreadful storm which the heavens were about to discharge on that portion of our earth. I looked above and around me, and, when I beheld the frowning appearance which nature had so suddenly assumed, I felt an emotion of terror come over me, such as I had never before experienced. With that instinctive desire of self-preservation, which is the *last* as well as the first law of nature, and which man feels in every situation, however perilous, in which he can be placed, I paused for a moment to consider in my own mind how I might best escape from the impending storm. Adjacent to a little wood, and situated by itself, I observed a small hut

or cabin, about half a mile distant. As it was the only human habitation at this critical moment within the reach of my eye, I resolved on directing my steps to it. Just as I left the foot-path to cross a moor which intervened between me and the wretched-looking hovel, a vivid blaze of the electric fluid flashed across my eyes, and in a moment it was succeeded by a peal of thunder, loud and long-continued; the reverberations of which, in very truth, resembled the tremendous noise which one would imagine would accompany the crash of worlds. Then the rain descended in mighty torrents; as if, in fact, the canopy of the heavens above me had been one vast waterspout. Another and another flash of lightning broke on my vision, as if the whole horizon had been an immense sheet of fire; and another and another peal of thunder resounded through the heavens, in rapid succession. One would have thought that nature herself was, at this appalling moment. undergoing some agonizing operation, under which she was groaning in thunder and weeping in torrents of rain; or that she was experiencing the pangs of expiration. At one time I proceeded slowly towards the hut already mentioned; at another the war of elements was so violent, and the total wreck of matter seemed so certain, that I felt all my endeavours to proceed completely paralysed, and I stood motionless, scarcely conscious, in truth, that I was an animated being. In about half an hour the vivid playing of the lightning ceased, and the terrible roaring of the thunder died away; and though the rains still continued to descend in copious abundance, it was with comparative moderation.

I was at intervals, as the degree of terror into which I was thrown, and the state of exhaustion to which I had been reduced, would permit me,—still creeping towards the cabin already mentioned;

and, when within about fifty yards of its threshold, I saw a man standing beside it, as if waiting to welcome me into it. On perceiving that I approached so slowly, he came hastily up to me ; expressed his deep regret that I had been exposed to the fury of the storm which had just ceased, and taking me by the arm, led me into his miserable cabin. There was a little fire on the hearth ; and the stranger, with that hospitality so characteristic of the Irish, handed me a chair, on which he desired me to be seated. He then gave me a glass of whisky, adding in a tone of much apparent sympathy with my uncomfortable condition, "Sure you have much nade of the cratur." I decanted the glass, and in a few minutes thereafter found myself much refreshed. I then began to survey the interior of the habitation I was in ; and such a deplorable picture of misery and destitution I never before nor since beheld ! It was sectioned into two apartments. In the one in which I was placed, there was nothing to be seen in the shape of furniture, if you except an article intended for a table, a pot, a jug, and the broken-backed chair in which I was sitting. In one corner of the apartment, if such it should be called, there were two pigs penned up. How they were fed in a place in which nothing but want and wretchedness stared you in the face, is a mystery which I confess myself incapable of explaining. After I had sat above a quarter of an hour, a tall young man, with a countenance which bespoke an union of the stern with the melancholy, advanced towards me from the other apartment.

"You have been exposed to the rage of the elements, I fear, young man," said he, addressing himself to me ; and ere the words had died on his lips, he sat down by the fireside in a corner, on a block of wood.

I answered his interrogatory, for such I considered it, in the affirmative.

"And did you see any other person than yourself on the road since you were overtaken by the storm?" he continued.

"No one," was my reply.

Nothing further passed between the second stranger and myself, at this time. From the few words, however, which I heard him utter, it struck me he was a Scotchman. There was, too, a certain something in his appearance, and in the manner in which he conducted himself, that excited in me considerable curiosity to know something more of his history. Still, in all the circumstances of the case, I did not deem it a matter of prudence to endeavour to gratify that curiosity by asking any questions in reference to his past life.

The stranger by whom I had been led into the hut, now suggested to me, that, as I must be much exhausted with the fatigue I had lately undergone, I should better "lie down and rest;" telling me at the same time there was a bed in the other apartment, which I should be welcome to possess for the night. I thanked him for his hospitality, and intimated to him that I would gladly accept of his proffered kindness. I was accordingly shown to the bed, such as it was, in the other apartment. By this time it was past eight o'clock, and though the rain had ere now entirely ceased, it had become somewhat dark in consequence of the shades of night beginning to fall. For about an hour and a half after I had stretched myself on the wretched pallet to which I had been shown, my mind was so intently occupied in ruminating on the events of the few past hours, that sleep deigned not to visit my eyes; but, at the end of that time, I fell into a partial slumber, from which, however, I was soon

awakened by my imagination bringing to my view the terrific scenes I had so lately witnessed.

The first thing I heard on awakening, was a kind of conversation which the two strangers in whose cabin I was, were carrying on together in a low, suppressed tone of voice. I caught one sentence quite distinctly, and that one was of fearfully ominous import to me: it was nothing else than the alarming question which the one put to the other, "Whether shall we cut his throat or strangle him?" I could not, in all the circumstances of the case, doubt for a moment that I was the intended victim; and a feeling of the deepest horror came over me as the dreadful words fell on my ear. What was to be done? Not a moment was to be lost; for the very next one might usher me into eternity. There was no window in the wretched apartment in which I was domiciled, out of which I might make my escape; and to have attempted to get out by the door would have been equally fruitless: for, from the sound of their voices, I knew they were both at the door of my apartment. There seemed no possibility, therefore, of escape for me; and I considered my destruction as a matter of certainty. A short pause to their whisperings now ensued, during which I every moment expected to be hurried into the invisible world, with all my sins and imperfections on my head. I even imagined, dark as it then was, that I saw my ruffian murderers, with the deadly weapon in their hands, standing by my bed-side, and in the very act of commencing the dreadful—the fatal operation. At this moment I heard distinctly another sentence escape one of them: it was the appalling question, "Are you ready?" An affirmative answer was instantly returned. The sound of the murderers' fingers opening the latchet of the door of the apartment in which I was situated, then grated

on my ears: and I imagined I already felt at my throat the keen edge of the instrument by which the fatal incision was to be made. Oh, the horrors of that moment! I would not for ten thousand worlds endure a repetition of them! The exclamation or prayer was on my lips, "For heaven's sake spare me!"—when at that instant a loud knock was given at the outer door, as if by some hard piece of wood, and I heard, at the same moment, the sound of several voices. One of the two assassins in the other apartment, whom I supposed from his pronunciation to be the Scotchman, instantly exclaimed, in half frantic accents, "O God! I am a lost man!" And just as the exclamation was uttered, I heard something fall on the ground, as if some sharp instrument of iron or steel. This was followed by the violent breaking up of the door by those on the outside, who immediately—six in number, and well-armed—rushed into the house—carrying a light with them. They swore they would instantly shoot the man who offered any resistance. Resistance, indeed, would have been madness; both the intended murderers saw this, and therefore yielded themselves up prisoners. They were then handcuffed; and the party, officers of justice, who had come to apprehend the prisoners, were about to depart with them; when I, absolutely electrified with joy at so unexpected a deliverance at such a critical juncture, jumped out of bed, and, thrusting my legs into my trousers, ran towards them and expressed my gratitude for their presence at such a crisis. The party were much surprised at seeing me under such circumstances; but a few words were sufficient to explain the whole matter.

I then flung on the rest of my clothes, wet as they were, and proceeded with the officers until we reached the place of my destination, which was in

their way to the town of Radray, and the road to which I had mistaken when caught in the late storm. Before I parted from my deliverers, they stated to me, that the two prisoners in whose hovel they had found me, were apprehended on a charge of murder, committed in the neighbourhood of the place in which they resided, under circumstances of the greatest atrocity; that the murder in question had been committed that day three weeks; and, that of the guilt of the prisoners there could, from certain circumstances which had transpired, be no rational doubt. The prisoners themselves took no more notice of these observations than if they had not heard them made.

I spent two days with the relations of my American friend, formerly referred to, and then quitted their hospitable abode for my native country, which I reached in due course.

In the parish in which I had been born and educated, as in every other parish in Scotland, there was a church-yard. It was within a mile and a quarter of my father's house; the road to which lay close by it. In passing this repository of the dead, in which the remains of several of my relatives were interred, my attention was much excited by a young woman, who seemed as if amusing herself among the graves; principally by pulling, and strewing on a particular spot, small quantities of wild flowers and grass. She appeared perfectly unconscious that any stranger was present. I got two or three glances of her features, and I felt persuaded from the unmeaning vacancy of her looks, as well as from the wild, incoherent ejaculations she now and then uttered, that she was labouring under the heaviest of all calamities, a bereavement of reason. In her features there were visible the remains of much former beauty; and from her manner, insane as it was, it was evident she had

moved in rather a respectable sphere of life. It struck my mind most forcibly, that the face of this unfortunate young woman had been familiar to me; but still I could not identify her with any particular individual of my early acquaintance. Without uttering a word to the female stranger, I passed on until I met with an old man, one whom I had no recollection of having formerly seen when residing in the neighbourhood. I inquired of him, whether he knew anything of the young woman in yonder church-yard,—pointing to the golgotha I had just passed. The old man answered, "Oh, yes! Poor creature!" he continued, "she was lately deprived of her reason by a mournful circumstance. She was"—

"To whom does she belong?" I inquired, interrupting my informant in the midst of his narrative.

"To a neighbouring farmer, sir," was the answer.

"And pray what is the unfortunate's name," I continued, feeling my curiosity to know the history of the young woman, by this time wound up to the highest possible pitch.

"It is Matilda Gordon, sir," replied my informant.

The words fell on my ears with a power I cannot describe; I felt as if a thunder-bolt had alighted on me, and uttering a wild exclamation, I fell back on a bank beside which I was standing, and for a few moments was utterly lost in unconsciousness. On partially recovering myself I arose and proceeded to my father's residence,—feeling my joy at meeting with all my relations in perfectly good health, largely commingled with sorrow at what I had a few minutes previously seen and heard. In answer to the interrogatories I could not, though so long absent from them, help putting to my friends in relation to the recent history of Matilda,

they informed me, that the awful visitation which had bereft her of reason, occurred about six weeks subsequent to the date of their last letter to me; that she had been married to my old acquaintance and class-fellow, Joseph Bennet: that some hours after the nuptial ceremony had been performed, and while the most charming music was delighting every ear, and all present at the marriage were pledging many a glass to the future happiness of the united pair,—a man wrapt in a cloak which covered the whole of his person, excepting his face, and riding on a steed, knocked at the door of the house in which the solemn ritual had so recently been performed, and desired to speak for a moment with the bridegroom. A servant in waiting delivered the message, and the bridegroom went to the door; when the stranger on horseback, without uttering a single word, plunged a dagger into his bosom, and galloped off with the utmost speed. The bridegroom fell back on the ground; his groans were heard; a surgeon was sent for; but the skill of the latter was of no avail; the unfortunate man expired in about five minutes. The assassin had not then been discovered, nor even so much as suspected.

On hearing of the dreadful occurrence, the bride fell into a swoon,—in which she continued for several minutes, at the end of which time returning consciousness once more visited her. It was only, however, to render her aware of the full extent of the calamity which had happened. The sun shone into her bed-chamber on the following morning; but ere his rays had alighted on the earth, a dark cloud had enveloped the mind of the lovely bride, her intellects were deranged, her reason was gone. The murdered bridegroom was interred in the parish church-yard; it was at his grave, the grave of her lover—the grave of her husband, that the

unhappy Matilda was strewing wild flowers and grass, as I passed it that day.

When the agitation, produced in my mind by the narration of the above facts, had somewhat subsided, I made inquiry respecting my former intimate acquaintances, and, among the rest, I inquired with peculiar solicitude what had become of my other associate and class-fellow, David Arthur. I was told by my friends that it was not in their power to give me any particular information in regard to him—that he had suddenly left his native village more than three months since; and that his relatives neither knew the cause of his disappearance, nor the place to which he had repaired. This intelligence caused me additional uneasiness of mind, and increased my anxiety to know something more of his mysterious history; but no one in the neighbourhood could furnish me with the desired information.

In about three weeks thereafter, I heard with horror, in the Irish newspapers, an account of the trial and execution of David Arthur, a native of the village of Aviemore, in the west of Scotland,—for an atrocious murder committed by him and another individual, an Irishman, on a specified day, in the neighbourhood of Rathmay, county of Limerick! The former of these murderers, I need not apprize the reader, was none other than the last survivor of the two bosom companions of my early life! The same journal in which I first perused this horrible intelligence, contained also a report of the confession he had made to his jailor, on the night prior to his execution. It was by his hand, that his and my early companion and friend, Joseph Bennet had fallen! He had been prompted to the perpetration of the murderous deed when in a paroxysm of rage, produced in his mind by a mingled feeling of mortification and envy. He had

solicited the hand of Matilda in marriage ; she refused on the ground that she was already pledged to another. He felt so chagrined at the circumstance, that in a few days after he left the place unknown to any one. On hearing—how he had heard of the circumstance does not appear—that she was to be married on a given day, to Joseph Bennet, he made his appearance at the time, the place, and the manner already mentioned, and imbrued his hands in the blood of his rival friend.

He made his escape to Ireland ; and had been there only a few days when he met with company of the most profligate description, by whom he was led on from one step of criminality to another, until he and another individual committed the murder for which he was tried and executed.

Such, I learned on my return from America, was the fate of the two companions and bosom friends of my early life. I shall not attempt to describe the effect which the joint statement of their late melancholy history produced on my mind. Suffice it to say, that though a considerable time has elapsed since the occurrences in question took place, I have not yet recovered—and I fear never shall recover—from the shock my feelings then received.

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

CHAPTER I.

READER! allow me in the outset to inform you, that my name is Samual Snitch; and now, let me ask, have ever you been in love? Have you been over head-and-ears in love? Have you been always crossed, always disappointed in your loves? If you can answer these queries in the affirmative, I feel a melancholy pleasure in writing for, or rather to you. If you cannot answer these questions in the affirmative, I beg you will proceed no farther in the perusal of this: you cannot appreciate aright what follows.

I suppose it is not necessary that I should say anything about my early life. The title of my story holds out no promise, either directly or by implication, of my being communicative on that score. If I chose to say anything on the point, I should be sufficiently candid, to confess that I was born and cradled in poverty. It is usual, I believe in such cases, to add, that though one's parents were poor, they were honest. I have always deemed any statement of that kind a gratuitous insult to the understanding of the reader; for what can any one know about the honesty of his parents before he was born, or even during the long stage of his childhood? He could not, at either of these eras, be privy to their

actions. To be sure, he may have their own word for it, that they were honest. I have heard my parents make a similar protestation; but then we all know that nobody is called on, either in reason or law, to condemn himself—to publish or admit his guilt. Besides, is it not one of our most popular proverbs, that the greatest thief is generally the loudest in his protestations of honesty. Let it not be inferred from this, that I impute anything dishonest, either in intention or conduct, to my parents. Perish the thought! unless I had ample and undeniable proof of their guilt; whereas I have not a particle of such a commodity. All I wish the reader to understand is, that I know nothing whatever of the honesty or dishonesty of my parents.

I have only two other preliminary observations to make. These are, that though my parents were poor, they contrived to give me an excellent education; and that before I was done with school some little money fell into the family by the death of a relation.

Now, then, for my story. I doubt if ever anybody had a more ample stock than myself, of what is called the tender passion. I have often chided Nature for the unequal distribution of her gifts. Love is certainly a good thing; but then it is quite possible to have too much, as well as too little, of a good thing. I know this is not a commonly received doctrine: I cannot help that. John Locke used to say that the rejection, by the generality of mankind, of any given proposition, if true, does not convert that proposition into error. So say I. And I say, moreover, as an illustration, that, in affairs of the heart. Nature has been a great deal too kind to me. If I could interrogate her ladyship, I would ask why she was so arbitrary; why so capricious as to form my heart entirely of love, while she has formed thousands of bipeds without one particle of that

element in their composition? However, experience has taught me, that there is no help for the matter now; it is my wisdom to submit to the ordinations of fate with all the philosophy I can muster for the purpose.

I am not only unusually susceptible of the exercise of the tender passion; I have not only a remarkable aptitude for loving, but I love with an ardour which has, I am convinced, no parallel. Furthermore, I am a precocious lover. If I were asked, how early the age at which I first felt myself a slave to love, my answer would be, I cannot tell. I have been a lover, a devoted lover, ever since I can recollect. I managed, however, to conceal from the world the flame that burned in my heart, at the hazard of being consumed by it, until my twentieth year.* A rather unfortunate occurrence then revealed it to a wicked world. The object of my regards was as pretty a young girl, Louisa by name, as ever trode the ground. She had come from a distant part of the country, to reside for a few weeks with a friend settled in the town in which I then dwelt. I saw her taking a walk, one day, on the opposite side of the narrow but deep river Spey. The sight was sufficient; I was spell-bound at once. It may be proper to apprize the reader at this stage of the story, that it is one of the attributes of my propensities to love, that it comes on me very often,

* It is right to mention, that though I have been, times without number, in love—to speak a truth, I have never been many successive days out of it—I only advert to those adventures with the sex, which, by some ill-starred circumstance or other, have become known to the world. I would not mention even them, but for the circumstance, that grossly incorrect versions of these adventures have, somehow or other, gone abroad. I am anxious that the naked truth should be known; for though matters are bad enough as they are, the malicious ingenuity of the world has made them ten times worse.

all at once. I have often wondered as much at this as at anything in the philosophy of my affections. In the present instance, I did not wonder in the least. The matchless beauty of the young lady, and the eloquent blush which reddened her cheek when her eye met mine, could hardly fail to have made an impression on the heart of the most inveterate bachelor that ever lived.

It was on a beautiful evening in the end of August, that I first encountered the heavenly countenance of Louisa. The luminary of day was setting at the moment. He was pouring streams of yellow radiance in all directions, excepting in those cases in which some hill, or house, or tree, or other opaque object obstructed his beams. The full tide of his golden splendour was then being poured on the divine face of the peerless beauty before me. I do not know if *she* observed the effect which the glance I obtained of her, had on me ; but *I* myself know, that for some moments after I stood motionless as a statue: I was perfectly unconscious of my own existence. On recovering my senses, I found she was out of sight: she had vanished like a dream from before my wondering and adoring eyes. I went home. My relations saw that all was not right: they saw, that I was much more discomposed than ever I had been before. They inquired the cause: I returned my favourite answer—"Nothing surprising." They sought no more ; they made their own inferences. In a moment afterwards, I heard father whisper into the ear of mother, in answer to some observation of her's, "O, never mind the foolish lad ; he has taken some love craze into his head." The remark, how true! I *felt* its truth: it stung me to the quick; but it was my father who thus sneered at me both for my love and folly, and therefore I took no notice of it. Supperless I went to bed; sleepless I passed the night. What a

night of wretchedness! A broiling on Cobbett's gridiron would have been a perfect luxury compared with what I then suffered from the dom nation of my violent love for Louisa. Oh the agonies of absence from *her* whom one loves!—not as the common herd love, but as *I* love. I am desirous of speaking the truth at all times; but if there be such a thing as degrees in truth, I utter the greatest, the truest truth that ever escaped either my lips or pen, when I say, that not one fraction of a moment—if a moment be fractional—was the image of the unrivalled Louisa absent from my mind's eye that long, long night. Morning did at length come. I rose, performed the vexatious but indispensable operation of shaving; washed my frontispiece and hands; donned my best clothes in the most approved mode I was master of; looked at myself in the reflector, and concluded I had at least a *chance* with the heart of Louisa. The domicile which she graced *pro tempore*, with her presence, was on the banks of the river before alluded to. I longed for another look of Louisa; I panted for an interview with her. The reader will consequently be prepared for the intelligence, that to take breakfast was, in all the circumstances of the case, infinitely too insipid and heartless an occupation for me. I sneaked out of the house unobserved by my friends; hied to the river Spey, and promenaded its banks, opposite to where Louisa tabernacled the whole precious day. I had not been missed at home many hours, when my friends began to feel uneasy about me; a few hours more elapsed, and they became so much alarmed for my safety as to be unable to conceal their fears from their neighbours. A search was proposed; but in what direction was the search to be made? The world is wide; so is the district around my native town. While my friends were thus undecided as to what

direction they should take, some stupid, talkative, impertinent old maid, who had returned from bleaching clothes on the banks of the river, mentioned to them that she had seen me "walking backwards and forwards" along the river side manifestly discomposed. "Gracious heavens!" exclaimed my father, "he means to do away with himself!" "Run! run! or he'll be drowned already!" shrieked my mother. The circumstance of my taking no supper the previous night, no breakfast that morning: my unusually absent demeanour for the last twenty hours; all these facts rushed into the minds of my parents, and made them conclude the worst. Mother fainted; but father bore up under the apprehended catastrophe with wonderful fortitude. "Not a moment is to be lost; let us be off directly," said one of the neighbours; and immediately they all started—they were twenty-one in number—and bounded as fast as their feet could carry them, to the particular spot at the river's bank, where I had been last seen by the aforesaid long-tongued, antiquated virgin. It was now twilight, and no object could be distinctly discerned at any distance. The side, too, of the river on which I had been observed by the washerwoman—and to which, consequently, as already mentioned, my alarmed relatives and acquaintances directed their precipitate steps—was, at that particular spot, studded with a plantation of well-grown firs. It was impossible, therefore, from two causes, that the party could see any distance in the locality in question. It is of importance to mention this, because it will prepare the reader for the fact, that the aforesaid *posse* of officious friends were close by me before they perceived me; and then they only saw a fraction of my person,—the whole man, with the exception of the head, being immersed in the river. In yet plainer language, if

that be necessary, I was, at that moment, plunging about, up to the neck in the water, gasping for breath, and every instant likely to go down to rise no more. A better picture of a drowning man, I have been subsequently told, was never witnessed. I can add from my own knowledge, that a more narrow escape from a watery death-bed, if there be propriety in the expression, was never made by mortal.

"He's in life yet!" exclaimed one.

"He'll be gone, this moment!" shouted another of the party.

"In, in, to his aid!" vociferated the whole batch in discordant chorus, and with a strength of lungs which might have awoke the dead in their graves, were that possible. The last quoted words were no sooner howled out, than five or six of the party dashed into the river at the same instant, with the philanthropic view of saving my life, though at the imminent hazard of their own. Two of the tallest and most enterprizing of the number did reach me, and dragged me out; the one by the hair of the head, and the other by the left arm. I might have perished for the rest; their solicitude for my salvation vanished the moment they put their feet in the water. They found they had enough to do to save themselves. Their bodies, like the carcase of Sir John Falstaff, when thrown into the Thames by the menials of Mesdames Page and Ford, showed a wonderful alacrity at sinking; and their escape from "death by drowning," was, if that were possible, a still greater miracle than mine. Three hats and sundry shoes were lost on the occasion.

After I had regained *terra firma*, I was much perplexed as to whether or not I should submit quietly to the imputation of having attempted suicide; or whether I should disclose the theory of my immersion in the liquid element in which the

party found me. I came to the conclusion that it would be the better way to compromise the matter by telling part of the truth. I did tell part of the truth; but the "searchers" were dissatisfied; they insisted there was more in the business than "met the ear." The whole truth, however, did meet their ears before two hours elapsed. Two female servants belonging to the establishment in which Louisa temporarily resided, had witnessed the whole affair, to the serious pain and agitation of their clumsy sides; and, so great is the disposition of some people to mischief, that one of them made an errand to town for the express purpose of telling the whole truth, and a good deal more than the truth.

The facts of the awkward case were these: I had that day perambulated the banks of the river, without one moment's cessation, opposite the then half-consecrated domicile which contained the loveliest form that ever emanated from dame Nature's hand. All my anxiety, all my walking and watching to see her, were fruitless. Evening approached: what was to be done? To spend another night without an interview was perfectly horrific in the prospect; what then, I reasoned, must it be in the actual endurance. I resolved, in the extremity of my distress, to go to the other side of the river, and feign some errand into the house, by which means the chances of seeing Louisa would be increased tenfold. There was a bridge across the water some quarter of a mile from the spot on which I then stood: I went to the other side. With tremulous step I advanced towards *the* house; but when within about twenty yards of it, I saw a huge mastiff making towards me with the velocity of lightning. His aspect was terrific; it made an impression on me which will never be obliterated: it is as vividly before my mind at this moment as if the

occurrence had taken place but yesterday. I am no coward; and sure I am no one will reproach me with any want of courage, though I hesitated to engage in conflict with the beast, when I state, that I was wholly unarmed and defenceless. Besides, I knew there were no laurels to be gained, even should I come off victorious, from a combat with a domesticated quadruped. I wheeled round in an instant. My first intention was to make for the bridge; but to escape that way, it immediately occurred to me, would be impossible: the brute would have had his tusks in me before I could have got the tenth part of the distance. In the horror and confusion of the moment, I took the nearest cut to the river. Never were my pedestals so exercised before; I literally bounded. Still, Tiger was incomparably the best runner of the two. The growls of the cur indicated but too plainly, that he was rapidly gaining on me: of course, I did not commit the sin of Lot's wife—that of looking back. Nevertheless I was admonished of the propinquity of the surly, ferocious mastiff, by a very unpolite seizure of the tail of my coat. Fortunately this did not happen until I was at the very verge of the water; and more fortunate still, the tail of my coat —my best coat, but no matter of that—which the animal seized, gave way; he took the mouthful with him. I plunged into the river; and falling, in the hurry of the leap, and the fright and confusion of the moment, diagonally, was thoroughly soaked in the outset. I regained my feet; but notwithstanding my upright position, found myself up to the chin in the liquid element. I am no swimmer; and the marvel is, that, in all the circumstances, I was not drowned instanter. Had the river been bottomless, it would have been all the same; I would have plunged headlong into it. I believe I had got through the most perilous part of

the business, when my friends made their appearance, and rushed to my rescue.

I was taken home quite crest-fallen, as will readily be believed. I retired to bed forthwith. What between the effects of the fright, and mortification at the issue of my endeavours to procure an interview with Louisa, truth constrains me to own, that she was in a great measure forgotten that night.

I learned next day that Louisa had that morning quitted the demesne on the banks of the river, for home. I never saw her again. I had no wish ever to hear her name mentioned; but certain malicious persons, regardless of my wishes and feelings, persisted in repeating her name, and other matters connected with the adventure, with a shameful frequency.

Whatever other adventures I had in the capacity of lover, for the next twelve months, I pass over *sub silentio;* as none of them, so far as I am aware, ever came before the public. At the end of that time, I again afforded amusement to an unfeeling world, and provided abundant matter for my own mortification, and for that of my friends. The reader shall learn the particulars in the next chapter.

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

CHAPTER II.

The only daughter of Sir Robert Sims, arrived on the 16th of April, 1828, at the principal inn in one of the neighbouring towns. By chance I learnt several particulars respecting the young lady; and I ascertained, moreover, that her father was on the Continent at the time, and that she had no other biped accompaniment than an antiquated aunt. Report spoke of the baronet's daughter as a perfect beauty; as being heiress of an immense fortune; and as being withal remarkably affable and easy of access. Though the attribute of beauty had hitherto appeared to my mind as an essential ingredient in the cup of matrimonial bliss, I had never thought the worse of any young lady because she had money. Indeed, as hinted in the preceding chapter, I had been so far lessoned in past times, as to the value of money, that I deemed a certain quantity of the circulating medium of paramount importance in journeying through life. On both accounts, therefore, I was most anxious to see the baronet's daughter, and determined, in the event of my opinion of her attractions, &c., according with the public report, to effect an interview with her by some means or other. I had read the week before, "a full, true, and particular account" of the stratagems by which

Edward Gibbon Wakefield contrived to get married to Miss Turner,—and by which he gained an inestimable prize; there was not a word then of the prosecution and punishment which followed: I meditated something of the same kind. In order, however, that there might be no hazard of being bamboozled on the subject of her personal charms and prospective finances, I thought it best, before decoying her into a carriage, to have the evidence of my eyes as to the first point, and to make underhand inquiries as to the second. I knew there was no person in the inn who was acquainted with me. I therefore concluded I might, without the least risk of detection, assume any title and play off any airs I pleased. Accordingly, I hired a horse and gig, and procured a confidential acquaintance moving in a rather humbler sphere than myself, to whom I disclosed my plans and views. He pronounced them "excellent," "spirited," and so forth, and at once agreed to personate the character of my body-servant. I took to myself the high-sounding title of Lord Anderton, thinking I should, by that means, have a greater chance of attracting the attention of the baronet's daughter. My servant and self entered the gig, which I drove with the spirit characteristic of the majority of young noblemen. In due time we arrived at the destined place. We alighted; my servant first, who with infinite tact handed me down. I entered the inn, announcing my name as Lord Anderton. The intelligence that a nobleman had arrived, spread through the house like wildfire. Bows, courtesies, and all the marks of obsequious respect, were showered on me at every step. My servant once committed himself, and was likely to have committed me, by saying "Eh!" instead of "My Lord." "Sirrah," said I, as there were several persons present, "I will teach you manners;" immediately applying

my cane apparently with considerable force to his person, but in reality very gently. He submitted to the physical correction with perfect equanimity; saying, with a tact which exceeds all praise, "I beg your pardon, my lord."

I had not been many minutes up stairs, when I learnt that the heiress was "out," regaling her eyes with some of the beautiful scenery with which the district abounds; but she was expected to return in a few hours. Lest our incognito should be discovered by some officious chance-person by whom I was known, putting up at the inn, I thought it advisable, instead of vegetating in the hotel, to take an airing. I immediately commanded the hostler to get my horse and gig ready. The order was no sooner given than obeyed. In a second self and servant were driving out of town. When we had proceeded two miles, we came in sight of Kinross Abbey, an old venerable ruin. To have gone to it by the usual circuitous route, would have been a distance of three miles: by crossing one or two intervening fields of grass, the distance would only be a mile and a half. I have always hated roundabout roads. I therefore decided on driving through the fields. We had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when, owing I suppose to my too rapid and careless driving, we upset the gig by coming in contact with a fragment of an old broken turf dyke. The contents of course were upset too. In other words, we were, as London cabmen would say, "spilt" out of the vehicle.

The contusion, in so far as I was concerned, was dreadful. The shock of a Lisbon earthquake could scarcely have been greater. For half an hour afterwards I lay horizontally on the ground, quite insensible. On partially recovering my consciousness, I found the gig lying in myriads of pieces all around me. A more striking picture of destruc-

tion I had never witnessed. No horse or servant was to be seen. Let the reader only judge of my feelings, when, in addition to my broken bones, a sense of what I had done broke in on my mind. My servant—the rogue was little hurt—my servant, I afterwards learnt, took one direction, and the horse another. I was left "alone in my glory," such as it was, to live or die, just as sovereign fate was pleased to ordain. The four-legged animal was so much frightened that he galloped all the way at his utmost speed, back to the inn; the biped blockhead, the two-legged animal, instead of waiting, as any man with an atom of sense or ingenuity in him would have done, to put the best possible face on the disaster, ran home without ever halting, and without uttering a syllable to any human being touching what had occurred. The dunce's notion doubtless was, that possibly nobody might ever find out that he had figured in the foolish affair which had led to the awkward and tragical catastrophe.

The alarm which the horse, half-harnessed and excited as he was, created among the inhabitants of Fochabers, as he galloped up to the hotel stables, fairly defies description. In less than ten minutes the idea spread through the whole town, that some accident—it might be a fatal one—had happened to Lord Anderton. A shoal of the good people set out instantly in quest of me. I was found on the spot alluded to, able to converse a little, but altogether incapable of walking. An express—a two-legged one, because no other was to be had—was sent to the inn to procure a carriage to carry home the young nobleman. Orders were at the same time given to get a doctor with all possible haste. The solicitude as to the extent of the damage done to my person, evinced by all present, was extreme: they absolutely vied with each other in showing attention to me. The carriage was not long in ar-

riving. I was put into it and conducted to the hotel; —on my arrival at which a world of kind offices were shown me. There was only one doctor who then practised in the town of Fochabers; and he was at that time unfortunately twenty miles from home on a professional visit. What was to be done? Without my knowledge, an express was sent to Elgin, the town to which I belonged, demanding the immediate attention, on Lord Anderton, of two medical practitioners. In an incredibly short space they were in my apartment. I afterwards learnt, that, in the plenitude of his anxiety to give the nobleman the benefit of his professional skill, one of the doctors rode his horse so fast, that the poor animal died in a few days afterwards. Judge of my surprise; judge how queerly I felt, and how awkwardly I looked, when the two sons—my townsmen—of Esculapius entered the room. In a state of all but utter petrifaction, I lay on my bed before them. Conceive, reader, if you are fit for the task, conceive *their* astonishment and mortification when, on being ushered, with all the pomp and show of circumstance, into my apartment, they beheld, instead of Lord Anderton, Sam Snitch stretched before them! They first looked at me and then at each other, for some time, alternately, as if doubtful whether or not they ought to credit the evidence of their own eyes. So stupid an expression of countenance as was then exhibited by these disciples of Galen, was never before witnessed. Their mutual impression, on a little reflection, was, that a gross and grievous hoax had been played off at their expense, (alas! the *expense* fell on me!) and, therefore, they determined, before prescribing anything for me, or even making the slightest inquiry into the extent or nature of the injuries I had received, to demand an explanation of mine host. Luckily they expressed their

intention audibly. Concluding that that step would only make bad worse, I partly explained the affair to them; taking special care to lay the best share of the blame on my servant in the matter of upsetting the gig, and also accusing him of having invented and applied to me the title of Lord Anderton.

When the circumstances of this adventure became known in Elgin, they proved, as will be readily believed, the occasion of infinite merriment to my fellow-townsmen. My only consolation was —a small one certainly—that *I* was not the *only* person laughed at. Mine host and the two physicians; all, in short, whom I had hoaxed in the business, came in severally for their share of public ridicule.

I need not say there was nothing in the affair laughable to *me.* In so far as I was concerned, it was in many senses a serious matter. It was long and many a day before I recovered from the effect of the upsetting of the gig; but, in addition to my calamities in this respect, and the mortification consequent on the unpleasant issue of my schemes touching the abduction of the baronet's daughter, there came sundry heavy bills against me; the first from the gig and horse hirer; the second from Boniface; but the last and heaviest of all were those which came under the title of "fees," from the brace of Esculapians; particularly the one from the practitioner, who murdered his horse by his furious riding. To all these "disagreeables"—enough in all conscience—there were superadded severe daily and hourly lectures on my folly, read to me by my relatives. My situation, in one word, became insufferable: the mortal did not, nor does exist, who could have borne it: I left the town of Elgin abruptly one moonlight evening. In ten days thereafter I was located in Carlisle.

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

CHAPTER III.

I was very fortunate, as regarded pecuniary matters, on my arrival in Carlisle. One of my old and most intimate schoolfellows had been settled there in a respectable way for several years. He at once procured a situation for me: happily he had not heard of either of the love mishaps I have detailed. On entering my situation, I determined to apply myself so closely to business, as to keep me out of harm's way; in other words, preclude the possibility of any communication with young ladies. I had come to this determination from a conviction, induced by past events, that fate had appointed I should never succeed in any matrimonial attempt I might make. I knew, moreover, as hinted in the outset, that the love of the sex was a component part of my moral constitution, and that to be in a beautiful nymph's company, was not only perilous in the extreme, but was what is called *certain* danger. However, though fully aware of all this, one cannot walk the streets and highways with his eyes shut. I lived a little distance out of town; and in returning in the evening from the performance of the day's duties, had to pass along some beautiful gardens. Sooth to say, I used very much to delight in gardening myself; and, if the reports of friends may be cre-

dited, displayed much more than the average taste that way. One of the gardens I had to pass in returning home of an evening, seemed to be the very *beau ideal* of good taste in the art of "laying out." I generally stood eight or ten minutes looking over its wall, which fortunately, was of no inconvenient altitude, admiring its beautiful contents. One evening as I popped my head over the garden wall, I discovered a flower I had not before observed, an exquisitely beautiful young lady; one of whom Milton would have written—"Herself the fairest flower." A deep blush tinged her exquisitely beautiful cheeks as her lustrous eyes encountered mine. I felt a momentary entrancement: I was glued to the spot on which I stood; but a recollection of Louisa, and the adventures, or rather misadventures connected with her, flashed across my mind, and I succeeded, after a desperate struggle between prudence and love, in prevailing on my legs to perform their duty in removing me home.

As may easily be conceived, the charming damsel (name at this time unknown) possessed a liberal share of my thoughts that night. I discussed the question in my own mind, whether, in the event, ascertaining that in addition to her personal attractions, she united respectability of character and station in society, I ought not after all to make an attempt on her heart, as she had already, without any seeming effort, conquered mine. The hearing of arguments *pro* and *con* robbed me of two or three hours' sleep. The opinion of Falstaff, that there is divinity in odd numbers, occurred to me, and I believe would have made me decide on seeking an interview, had not the awkward issue of the knight's third visit to Mrs. Ford shot across my mind; followed by a painful remembrance of what had happened to myself in my two previous adventures. All this, it is right to add, was succeeded

by a recurrence of the afore-mentioned conviction, that fate had ordained I was never to be married. The determination to which I came, therefore, was, that I should suffer, unknown to and unpitied by the world, a universe of ardent, unrevealed love, rather than run the hazard of making myself anew a laughing stock to the public, and the butt of my acquaintances, by any fresh attempt at forming a matrimonial engagement.

This then was a settled point. And so faithfully had I resolved to act up to the letter of my resolution, that, rather than be in temptation's way, I had determined on submitting to the unutterable sacrifice of passing by the beautiful garden already mentioned, without casting a glance at it, lest that glance should encounter the exquisitely handsome form of the female lady-flower I had before seen in it. For three days—evenings rather—I religiously adhered to my determination: she might, each time I passed, have been again eclipsing, by her presence, all the other beauties in the garden ; but I saw her not. On the third day after returning home, I learned, by the merest accident, what was the young lady's name, who were her connexions, and what her character and station in society. On the fourth, while I was as usual passing by the garden on my way home, I observed the lovely creature—Lavinia was her name—walking slowly, not in the garden, but on the road outside, as if coming directly up to me. She seemed contemplative: there was a touching pensiveness in her look, and there was a book in her hand. We met, and were in the act of passing each other, when Lavinia, as if suddenly seized with sickness, quivered a little, and was in the act of falling. I caught hold of her before she swooned altogether. The book she held in her hand, I ought to observe, *did* fall.

"Pray, madam, are you indisposed?" I inquired with much tenderness and concern.

"A little, sir," she softly answered, at the same time glancing a look at me which it is impossible to characterize, but to have been insensible to which I must have been steel-hearted indeed.

I lifted the book from the ground: I looked at it: it was a novel. The passage Lavinia had evidently been reading, was indicated by the leaf being folded down. That passage told—told eloquently though briefly, of the loves of a young lady and gentleman; how they eloped together, got married at Gretna Green, and lived a long life of the utmost possible happiness. I could not—who could?—be block-head enough to misunderstand this. I could not, in any circumstances, far less in the circumstances of that moment, resist the expressive though silent appeal made to me.

"My dearest girl," said I, "will you meet me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, at the head hotel?"

"I will, with all my heart," was the brief answer; and that answer was accompanied by a look more expressive a thousand-fold, than all the protestations of attachment she could have made to me, even had she spoken for hours, which a moment's intermission, could have proved.

We parted that evening; we met the next morning at the appointed time and place. We set off in a coach-and-four for Gretna Green. Jehu was well paid; he had powerful inducements to apply the whip to his horses; and it is but justice to him to say, that he did his duty admirably. We halted no longer than was necessary to change horses, until we reached a small town within ten miles of the destined place. On our way Lavinia disclosed to me how she had been struck by my appearance the very first time she had seen me

looking over her father's garden-wall ; but a sense of the delicacy and reserve becoming her sex prevented her from revealing her affection for me, until the evening I met her on the road, when she found that to keep it any longer concealed in her breast, would, in all probability endanger her life.

On reaching the small town just mentioned, Lavinia complained—and no wonder—of exhaustion, in consequence of the fatigues of that day, as well as of a sleepless previous night, spent in concerting measures for making the elopement successful. She begged a little time might be allowed her to recruit her strength: I ordered a snatch of supper. We both ate heartily, having been well appetised by the length of the journey.

We had been in the inn about half an hour, when Lavinia said, addressing me, of course, "My dear, I think we may go now." These words were delivered in a tone, and were accompanied by a look of affection, which I valued at the time infinitely higher than I would have done all the riches of either India, had they been placed at my feet.

"Well, then, my darling, we shall set out instantly," was my response.

I rang the bell violently. In about twenty seconds, in rushed a stout well-made man. "Waiter!" said I, in a tone which indicated that I thought myself a personage of some consequence; "Waiter! bring me the bill. Order the horses and chaise to be got ready this moment; and be sure, too, you don't—"

A shriek from Lavinia interrupted me; she swooned away in the easy chair in which she sat at the time. I, of course, forgot the waiter and everything else, in the plenitude of my concern for Lavinia.

"Lavinia! Lavinia! my dear! my angel! what *can* be the matter?"

While in the act of addressing her in these terms of affectionate concern, and seizing, at the same time, her snow-white hand, I felt some powerful fist take hold of and drag me back by the neck of my coat.

"What insolence, sir!" exclaimed I, thinking it was the waiter who thus intruded on us. So saying I turned about my face towards the vulgar, ill-bred lacquey of the public, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld three fellows beside me.

"Come," said the intruder who first entered the room, and whom I took to be William, "come let us carry her out!"

"The man who presumes to lay a hand on her will be as dead as a herring that instant," cried I, indignantly.

"Never mind the empty threats of the block-head," rejoined the fellow who had first spoken.

He had no sooner uttered the words than the villanous trio seized Lavinia in their vile paws. I felt a kind of madness coming over my soul. I know I resisted with all my might; but what else occurred I cannot tell.

* * * * * * * *

Next morning I awoke as from a dream. I looked around in utter amazement. I fancied myself in a new world. While thus bewildered; while like a person out of his senses, Boots entered my bed-room. I inquired where I was, and was answered—"The Duke of York Hotel, in the town of D——."

"The same," I ejaculated within myself, "the same as that in which Lavinia and I supped last night."

"And where," I asked with an emphasis of

which print can convey no idea; "where is Lavinia?"

"Lavinia!" echoed Boots, evidently ignorant of whom I meant.

"The young lady I brought here with me last night," said I, hurriedly.

"Adz, sur, she was carried off by the three gentlemons who coomed in last night in such haste in a carriage," replied Boots, with an archness of look and tone which denoted that nature had intended the young rascal for the stage.

"The three gentlemen!" A recollection of the triumvirate of scoundrels who so abruptly and unceremoniously thrust their hated presence on us the previous night, darted across my mind. But what they were, whence they had come, whither they were gone, what they had done with Lavinia, whether they had murdered her, or compelled her to marry one of their ruffian selves,—were all matters as to which I was in a state of as total ignorance as the child unborn; nor could any person in the inn furnish me with an atom of information on any one of the points.

Boots withdrew. I rose, huddled on part of my clothes, and prepared for shaving. Has the reader a tolerable imagination? If he have, let him conceive as he best can, my horror, mingled with astonishment, when, on looking in the glass, I saw my frontispiece so shockingly mangled and furrowed with deep scratches, that there was scarcely a square inch of whole skin on it.

"In the name of wonder, what can be the meaning of this? How have I come by such a face?" were the questions I asked myself. They were unanswerable by me; the matter was involved in as much mystery as the identity of the trio of scamps who wrested Lavinia from my arms.

What was to be done regarding my inamorato?

what with my face? were the two queries which next occupied my thoughts. A little sober reflection advised me that time alone could remedy the latter evil. As for my Dulcinea, I had, at intervals, a faint hope, that she might possibly make her escape from the ruffians who had stolen her; in which case I had no doubt of her return. But this delusion, at best indifferently pleasing as it was, was of short continuance. The horrible hypothesis would every now and then suggest itself, that one of the three, most probably the first who entered the room, was some unknown rival; in which case there was no room for even the slightest hope.

However, as the state of my physiognomy disqualified me from being seen in public, I thought it the most advisable course to remain that day in the inn, to see what should turn up in the chapter of accidents.

The day passed; but not a syllable about Lavinia. Dante speaks of the ineffable miseries of those who have entered a certain place, on whose portals are written the words, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." *Their* misery; it must be happiness compared with what my situation then was. I went to bed at an early hour. How I spent the night I will not say; for this good reason, I cannot. Morning came. I arose. While pacing to and fro in my apartment, half apparelled and wholly unshaved; resembling more, in my conduct, a bedlamite than a rational person, Boots, who seemed to be an animal newly imported from some uncultivated district of the country, entered: "Sur," said he, "would ou like a read of *our* paper, just prunted?" at the same time offering me a damp, unopened broad-sheet which he held in his hand.

"Lay it down there," said I, unconcernedly, pointing to the table; "lay it down there, I'll possibly look at it by and by."

He had no sooner quitted the room, than I took up and opened the broad-sheet. I found it was the county paper, newly issued from the press. I carelessly glanced over the inside surface. The head, "Elopement Extraordinary," being in what the printers call large caps, was the first thing that attracted my attention. I read as follows:—

"On Wednesday"—the paper was dated on Friday—"an elopement extraordinary took place from Carlisle. The young lady had only returned the other day from a fashionable boarding-school, where she had been Frenched, danced, taught music, the use of the globes, and, in fine, everything that is deemed necessary to constitute a perfectly educated female. Of late she had been wondrously given to the reading of novels. The gay Lothario was one of the most sheepish-looking bipeds under the sun. The folks in the neighbourhood very emphatically characterized him as the 'chap as used to be seen popping a long nose over the garden-wall, at the good people's daurter.' The fugitives took the high road to Gretna; of which place they were within one short stage when the young lady's brother, accompanied by two police officers, overtook the matrimonial aspirants, at the head inn. When the brother and assistants entered, they found the loving Miss and her clumsy-looking swain, sitting quite comfortably at a table; on which, in beautiful confusion, were displayed the fragments of an excellent supper. When the young lady recognised her brother, she enunciated a very unique sort of shriek, and swooned away with wonderfully good grace, in the easy chair she occupied at the time. Her clownish Lothario, who evidently mistook Miss' brother, when he entered, for the waiter, gallantly flew to the assistance of his Dulcinea; and, on the intruding parties taking the fainted beauty by her taper waist, with the view of

carrying her lovely person away, he swore that the first man who dared to touch her—they had touched her already;—should in a moment be stretched at full length on the floor. As if determined to suit the action to the word, the love-sick swain, in the phrenzy of the moment, seized a huge tom-cat that was lying purring in an easy chair, and evidently unconscious of the nature of his weapon, brandished the animal about his own head, previous to inflicting a supposed mortal blow on that of his adversary. At this moment his inamorato's brother, presented a pistol to the booby-lover's breast, exclaiming, 'Villain! presume to offer farther resistance, and I'll blow your brains out!' The poor unfortunate wight stood stupified, resembling a man whose wits had all of a sudden taken to themselves wings and flown away. The cat, smarting from the harsh gripe of the noodle, turned about by a sudden jerk of its body, and inserted its talons in sundry parts of the lover's physiognomy. The claret flowed profusely from divers fountains; and the poor fellow, like his heart's best treasure, also swooned away. He was afterwards carried to bed in an insensible state. Miss was taken away, put into a carriage, and carried back to Pa' and Ma;' who, it is hoped, will cure the young lady of her foolish passion by a little well-timed chastisement."

Here, in this vile print, was too clear a solution of the several enigmas touching the three intruders, the absence and destiny of Lavinia, and the horribly disfigured state of my face. My eyes turned in their sockets before I got to the end of the odious paragraph. My whole frame trembled: all things reeled about me. The house appeared to be falling: I felt as if the world had come to an end.

It was long before my consciousness returned:

when it did, my first intention was to cover my disgrace from myself, and to end my earthly woes by putting a period to my existence. What will be the best means of accomplishing my purpose, was the first query which demanded an answer. A razor? I had lost too much blood already; my face was too much mangled by feline talons, to think of mangling my throat with a razor. To speak a truth, after what I had seen of gore in the case of my face, I had no wish to see any more of that claret-looking commodity, whether drawn by a razor or any other instrument. Drown myself? That could not be accomplished without an ample supply of water; and where this was to be had I knew not, being a complete stranger in the place. "I might have inquired," the reader will say. Had the reader seen my face at that time, he would neither say nor think any such thing. *It* made it impossible for me to think of going out of doors in open day, on *any* errand. Besides, had I asked anybody the way to a river, my face would most certainly have generated instant suspicion of what my intentions were, and consequently prevented their being carried into effect. Hang myself? The only objection—but it was an insuperable one—which I had to that mode of making my exit was, that all the offscourings of society, every lacquey and chimney-sweep who get tired of life, end it by means of a rope, a handkerchief, or some other suspender. At any rate, it is indubitably certain, that no *gentleman* swings by his own hand. Pistols? Well, I concluded, blowing out one's brains is certainly the preferable mode of doing the business, of any yet mentioned. But the evil of it was I had no pistol: that had already proved my misfortune. It was the most grievous error I ever committed, that I neglected to take a pair of pistols with me when Lavinia and I quitted Carlisle for Gretna.

Had I only possessed these serviceable implements, she and I had been by this time man and wife. I should, in that case, have instantaneously scattered, in a thousand directions, the brains of a couple of the trio of insolent intruders, when they presumed to lay their clumsy hands on Lavinia: and the third would, coward-like, have taken to his heels. But regrets were unavailing now; the question was how to procure a pair of pistols for my present purpose? I could not, for the reason already mentioned, venture out myself in daylight to any shop to purchase the articles; and to have sent any other person would have awakened suspicions, and consequently defeated my object. I thought, in all the circumstances, the best way would be to wait until dark, when I might go out myself and procure the implements I wanted, taking care, while in the ironmonger's shop, to keep my face shrouded, by means of my pocket-handkerchief, from the unhallowed gaze of the shopman. Evening came. I had left money to pay my bill, and was in the act of going down stairs to procure the instruments wherewith to execute my rash purpose, when I heard the sound of a coach-horn. "Holloa! holloa! here's the London coach!" vociferated Boots to some hostler-looking figure at the door. "The London coach!" thought I. It is dark; no one will recognise me in the coach: I will go to London, where I am all but utterly unknown, and perhaps may after all, by observing a prudent conduct for the future, be a happy man. I ran up stairs for the money I had left, inquired how far on the way to London the coach would be by daylight; was answered; took my seat for that place, and set off. By confining myself in a room in one of the inns of the respective towns all day, and travelling all night, I reached the metropolis after four days stoppages by the way.

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

CHAPTER IV.

I DID not venture out for some time after my arrival in the metropolis. The state of my face, it is unnecessary to say, was the cause of my being so much "at home."

Time, which in every case works wonders, wrought marvels for my phiz. Traces are yet to be seen, in one or two places, of the tom-cat's talons; but I had not been long in town, when I found my frontispiece, upon the whole, tolerably fit to be seen.

I was so fortunate as to get employment the second day I went in quest of it.

In six weeks afterwards, woman, the cause of all my past disasters, brought me into another awful predicament. As I was walking one day up the Strand, arm-in-arm with a friend, we met an excessively handsome young female with whom my friend was acquainted. "Miss Jackson," said he, making a polite inclination of the head from the young lady to me. "Mr. Snitch," said he, with a very pretty nod towards Miss Jackson. The half-minute's conversation which we had with the young lady only served to deepen the impression her charms had made on me at the first glance. My readers know, from what I have already told

them, something of the remarkable facility with which I fall in love. A look, a nod, a word from an engaging female has not only captivated but conquered my poor heart. To be brief in this case, I was completely smitten. In parting with Miss Jackson and her mother—I ought to have mentioned before now that Miss J.'s mamma was with her—I inquired of my friend where they stayed. "Newman street, Oxford street, but do not recollect the number," was the answer. "Are you in love? Do you mean to call?" he inquired in a half jocular tone. "Come, that's very fair," said I, assuming a little pleasantry at his queries. The conversation was dropped.

Nothing farther passed that day concerning the adorable Miss Jackson. To my ineffable surprise I next day received a card from *Mrs.* Jackson, inviting me to form one of a select company who were to drink tea on the following afternoon at her house. My immediate inference was, that in the interim my friend had met Mrs. Jackson, and that the conversation turning by accident or otherwise on my humble self, he had spoken favourably of me—as I may say, without incurring the imputation of egotism, he had every reason to do—the invitation I received was the result. I of course willingly accepted the invitation, drank tea with Mrs. Jackson and friends, and spent a most agreeable evening. I sat opposite *Miss* Jackson on the occasion. I have studied Lavater with some care. I have been a specially attentive observer of female faces. The eyes, in particular, which Socrates, or some other of the ancients, calls the windows of the soul, have always obtained a very large share of my attention. Some words, but especially *looks* were exchanged between Miss Jackson and self, that made me most anxious for a private interview. I have always been of opinion, that next to the semi

celestial pleasure of sitting in a boudoir, with a dear creature in your arms, embracing her by daylight, candlelight, lamplight, gaslight, or moonlight, as the case may be—though, had I always my own choice I would prefer moonlight as being the most romantic—next, I say, to this pleasure, I can conceive no sublunary bliss at all approaching to that of walking on a fine day, on a fine promenade, with the "unit of your heart" hanging on your arm; so handsome in countenance and figure as to make you and her the observed of all observers. I had seen some *beaus* the preceding evening enjoy this peerless felicity in Hyde Park; and O how I envied their happiness! "If I had only Miss Jackson with me," thought I, "we should eclipse them all, and I should be the envied in my turn."

"I will write to her, I will propose an assignanation for next Friday afternoon (the hour four o'clock precisely) at Hyde Park Corner." My only hesitation in doing this was, that as it was dark when I went to and quitted her mother's house, I did not observe the number. I concluded, however, that as I knew the street perfectly, the letter would in all probability find her. I *did* write to her to the effect above hinted at. And a more tender note never emanated from a lover's pen. It breathed affection boundless as infinitude; enduring as eternity. It told, in touching and eloquent terms, of the impression her unrivalled charms had made on my soul when in her company the other evening; and concluded by protesting that should she vouchsafe a meeting, I should be the most felicitous mortal in the whole universe; but if the answer were adverse, I should be the most miserable man living, and I could not indeed long survive the shock.

The same evening the twopenny postman brought me a neatly folded letter: the address written in a

style of penmanship which seemed to me the *beau ideal* of lady caligraphy. I guessed the writer: she could be none other than Miss Jackson. I looked at the seal before breaking open the letter: it spoke the nature of the contents. The motto was —"Ever thine;" I opened the letter with a heart palpitating with joy. I was not disappointed: the charming creature was most propitious. Nothing, she protested, could afford her greater pleasure than to meet me at the time and place appointed. Of what bliss was the receipt of this letter productive!

Ecstacy! I never knew the import of the word before. I have read of persons literally dying of joy: my heart was distended: a little more elevation of spirits would have done for me what I intended to have done for myself immediately after reading the unprincipled

"ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY"

which appeared in the worthless provincial print published in the vicinity of Gretna Green. To-morrow afternoon—Hyde Park—the beautiful and elegantly-dressed Miss Jackson hanging on my arm; these were the topics; these the images that engrossed my mind all that evening, that night, and part of the next day. I purchased a new suit of clothes; called in the aid of the freisseur, and spent hours at my toilet in preparing for the appointed meeting. Last, though not least, I spent no inconsiderable sum, a greater one, I can assure my readers, than my ways and means warranted, in purchasing certain trinkets from the jewellers, which I intended to present to Miss Jackson.

The long-looked-for hour came at last. I was punctual to the appointed moment. The afternoon was particularly fine: all the beauty and fashion of London seemed to be in Hyde Park. Four o'clock struck—I was astonished at the non-appearance of

Miss Jackson. I took out my watch, looked at it, and was putting it into my fob, when a tall, stern, Cossack-looking fellow came up to me. "Pray, sir," said he, in a gruff tone, "pray, sir, is that your handwriting?" As he uttered the words, he held a letter before my eyes. I looked, as any one in my situation would have done, amazingly stupid. My first glance was directed to the stout-whiskered animal before me; my next, to the sheet which he held in his hand. Sure enough, it *was* my letter to Miss Jackson. I at once recognised the vile penmanship—I write a miserable scrawl.

"How the deuce could this booby have come by the letter? There is something mysterious in this business. It cannot be that Miss Jackson has also———"

I was interrupted in my unpronounced ejaculation by a "Sir, I demand an answer to my question: is that letter," holding it in my face, "in your hand-writing?"

I have already said it was mine; I could not deny it: besides I am no disciple of Ferdinand Mentez Pinto. I accordingly muttered, in a subdued tone, "Yes, sir, it is, and pray wherein———"

I was about to inquire what interest he could have in the matter? what possible reason he could have to be offended by it (for it was clear he was offended) when I was cut short in my brief speech by a tremendous application of a whip, drawn from the whiskered-monster's pocket, to my person.

"Sir, sir, what can be the meaning of——" I essayed to speak, but my poor voice was either drowned in the crackings of the whip, or my assailant heeded it not. Never was human being more unmercifully whipt. How many lashes I received, is and will be a mystery; but this I know, that but for the interference of some of the more humane of the bystanders, I might and would have received

several dozen more. When the ruffian was wrenched from me, I was told by one of the persons present (for it will readily be credited I was insensible to everything) he growled out something about no man making an attempt on the virtue of his wife with impunity. The virtue of his wife! I could solemnly declare, had I been to die that moment, that I never made an attempt on the virtue of his wife, or the virtue of the wife of any man, living or dead.

Miss Jackson did not keep to her appointment; indeed, after what had occurred, I deemed it fortunate she did not.

I went home fully determined to institute an action against my assailant, so soon as I could ascertain his name and address. This I knew I should have no difficulty in doing, as there were so many persons present. As to witnesses to prove the assault, I had clouds of them whenever matters were in a sufficiently advanced state to require their testimony.

On my return home, I found the friend who had introduced me to Miss Jackson waiting for me. I mentioned to him what had occurred, and the determination to which I had come to prosecute my unknown assailant. My friend was very inquisitive to know who had thus assaulted me, and what could have prompted the fellow to such a step. I told him again, as I had told him before, though he seemed to think I rather wanted the will than the power, that I could give him no information on either head.

"Can you not," said he; "can you not, at any rate, give me some description of the personal appearance of your assailant?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, let me hear all you can communicate on the subject."

I described the brute as well as I could.

"Oh! I see now how it is! It is Mr. Jackson!" exclaimed he, after a moment's hesitation.

"Mr. Jackson! Impossible! Did you not tell me that Miss Jackson's father was dead, and that she never had a brother?"

"It is another Mr. Jackson," replied my friend; "one who lives in the same street. Do you not recollect having seen a Mrs. Jackson, a beautiful woman, among those present at Miss Jackson's mother's house? Her husband would have been present also, but was out of town that day."

I did recollect having seen a newly-married lady at Mrs. Jackson's on the evening in question. I mentioned this to my friend.

"But what possible ground of offence could you have given to her husband?" inquired my friend.

"None in the world that I know of," answered I. "I never saw the man before in my life: his wife I have never seen before nor since that evening."

"The matter is certainly involved in much mystery. Did he say nothing when committing the assault that could have led you to infer the cause of his displeasure?"

"Nothing farther than asking me whether a letter he held in his hand, was in my hand-writing; which I confessed it was. I believe he also muttered something about no man's making an attempt to seduce his wife with impunity."

"What! it is not possible that you could have meditated anything of the kind?" observed my friend, in a tone indicative of surprise.

"Never, never; and I had thought that you were the last man in the world that could have conceived the bare possibility of such a thing."

"Did you ever write to his wife at all; for if you did, however innocently, a jealous husband would

construe an epistle from a man to his wife, into something bad? Do you not know, as Shakspeare says, that

> 'Trifles, light as air,
> Are to the jealous confirmation strong
> As proofs of holy writ.'"

"I never in my life penned a syllable to his or any other person's wife: but I will confess to you that I did write to Miss Jackson, to whom you introduced me; and, from the hasty glance I gave the letter my assailant held in his hand, it is the identical one I addressed to her. How he came by that letter, is to me as mysterious as any of the countless incomprehensibilities in nature."

"What was the nature of your note to Miss Jackson, if it be fair to ask such a question?" inquired my friend.

"It was written in very general terms. I merely, as I suppose is common in all correspondence between the sexes in their unmarried state, professed a fervent, an immutable, an eternal attachment to her; an attachment formed from what I had seen of her on the evening and at the party referred to; and concluded by urgently begging the favour of a meeting with her, next afternoon, at a given hour, at Hyde Park Corner."

"I have it! I have it!" exclaimed my friend, quite in the style of Archimedes, when he made his greatest discovery. "The letter you intended for *Miss* Jackson has by mistake gone to *Mrs.* Jackson; and no wonder that such an epistle should have kindled suspicions in the husband's breast: no wonder that he chastised you as he did."

The hypothesis struck me as probable, though I

could not exactly see how the missending of the letter should have occurred.

"I will call at Mr. Jackson's," continued my friend, "and learn all the particulars from him."

He departed that moment: he had not far to go; he returned in an hour afterwards, and informed me his conjecture was quite right, and that he had learned from Mr. J. the whole details of the awkward business.

The story may be told in few words. The two Jacksons, as formerly mentioned, resided in the same street. The right house had no brass plate with the name inscribed on the door; the wrong one had. Being ignorant of the number of the right house, I could not of course mark it on the back of my letter. The postman, in these circumstances, very naturally delivered the letter at the wrong place. I scrawl a wretched and most illegible hand; so that when the letter arrived *Miss* was read for *Mrs.* The latter lady probably wishing to pass, in the estimation of her husband, for a woman of surpassing rectitude, showed him my letter, instead of consigning it, as she ought to have done, to the flames.

"Why, Charlotte, my dear," said the husband, "if ever villain deserved chastisement this amorous rascal does. You only do as I desire you, and zounds! if I don't give it him in style."

Mrs. Jackson, being newly-married, expressed her readiness to do anything her husband desired. "Augustus," said she, "you know, dear, your *will* is always a *law* with me."

"Well," pursued he, "as Solomon enjoins us to answer fools according to their folly, you shall answer this villain according to his villany. You shall immediately write to him, declaring that he made an indelible impression on your heart when you saw him at the party to which he refers, and

acquiescing in his proposal for a meeting at Hyde Park Corner."

She did as she was bid. I, never having seen Miss Jackson's hand-writing, was of course easily deceived. I was in perfect raptures with the supposed success of my proposal for a meeting. The reader is already informed how transitory was my joy. I never saw Miss Jackson after this. I never wished to see her: I could not, after what had occurred, look her in the face though worlds were to be my reward for so doing.

It was long before I recovered from the effects of this new shock. I had well nigh determined never again to speak to woman-kind; but a little reflection served to convince me, that, constituted as society is, that was impossible, unless I should turn hermit.

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

CHAPTER V.

It is the error of a great many, even of those who are considered sensible men, that they run from one extreme to another. This was the next mistake I committed in my efforts to form a suitable matrimonial alliance. I resolved, as the best way of avoiding the recurrence of such mishaps as had already befallen me, to dispense with everything in the shape of courtship, and by some means or other get married at once. This resolution was taken shortly after the execution of Corder, of Red Barn notoriety. The well-authenticated statement was then going the round of the journals, that, though Corder was an unprincipled man himself, his wife was an amiable and excellent woman, and that his marriage with her was the result of an advertisement, headed "Matrimony," in a Sunday journal; in other words, the result of a notification in a newspaper that he wanted a wife. Why, thought I, might not I be equally fortunate, and the world never be the wiser as to the way in which I had been led to form a matrimonial connexion. The idea struck me as a happy one. I resolved to carry it into effect without any unnecessary loss of time. Accordingly, snatching up my pen, I that moment

drew up the following advertisement, and caused it to be published in the 'Morning Herald,'—that journal being then, as I believe it still is, the medium most generally made use of for sending forth such notices to the unmarried portion of the sex:—

"MATRIMONY.—Circumstances which it is unnecessary here to detail, having prevented the advertiser from mingling much in female society, he takes this opportunity of appealing to the heart, and soliciting the hand, of any young lady who, like himself, possesses a good temper and a disposition to be happy. If the partiality of private friendship has not led his acquaintances to form too favourable an estimate of his personal appearance, he flatters himself that no lady, however fastidious in taste, will be dissatisfied with him on that ground. As regards his principles and disposition, he takes on himself to say—though the statement would doubtless come with a better grace from another—that the former are perfectly unexceptionable, and that the latter is of the most amiable and affectionate kind. In fine, at the risk of being thought egotistical by those who know him not, the advertiser ventures to say, that any young lady desirous of entering the matrimonial state—that state especially appointed by the Deity himself for the happiness of his creatures—has now such an opportunity presented her of entering it under auspicious circumstances, as very seldom occurs. The strictest secrecy and honour may be relied on upon the advertiser's part, and he confidently expects the same good faith and generous feeling on the part of any female answering this notification. It is hoped no male or female will exhibit any impertinent curiosity on the occasion. Address A. B., 23, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street.—No unpaid letters will be received."

This advertisement duly made its appearance.

Corder had but forty-five applications in consequence of his advertisement; I had nearly double that number,—which circumstance I ascribed partly to the greater respectability of the medium of publicity I had employed, and partly to the fact, that while Corder debarred all from applying who had red hair, gray eyes, and sundry other things he considered personal blemishes; and, moreover, held up beauty, education, and a pretty round sum as a fortune, as *sine qua non*,—I made no stipulations whatever. My appeal to the hearts of the sex was clogged with no conditions. I wanted a *wife:* with that want supplied I was willing to be satisfied.

At this time I lodged with an old woman, whose house I had entered eight days before. I mentioned to her, immediately on sending the advertisement to the Herald office, that I expected early next day several letters, desiring her to take in such as should come, and bring them up stairs. She nodded assent. Just as eleven in the morning chimed on St. Dunstan's, I heard a rap at the door. On my landlady opening it a thickly-speaking lad inquired if there were any A. B.'s within. "A. B.! No: there's no A. B. nor C. D. here," answered the old woman, somewhat tartly. "Bring the letter to me; bring the letter to me," cried I, popping my head over the wooden railing at the first landing. My landlady brought the epistle up. I forgot to apprize her on the previous evening, that the letters I expected would be mostly, if not altogether, for a certain reason, addressed A. B. I then repeated my request that all letters so addressed should be brought to me immediately. She had scarcely got down-stairs, and shut the outer-door, when another knock was heard. It was a second A. B. letter, which of course was directly brought up-stairs to

me. In short, for an hour after, epistles in answer to my advertisement were brought up at the rate of one per minute: in one instance two arrived at once. By the time my landlady had brought me up twelve or fourteen of the series, she evidently began to feel surprised and alarmed at the number of A. B. letters; by the time she had delivered the twentieth—for it will be observed that she had hardly got down-stairs when there was some new bearer of an A. B. epistle rapping at the door—by the time, I say, that she had delivered the twentieth, the good old woman's stock of breath became fairly exhausted. When she came the length of No. 30, she began to think her best way would be to bring me several at once, which would of course lessen the frequency of her up-stair journeys. By the time the fortieth epistle arrived, she commenced the system of bringing them up in half-dozens. By this time I myself had become dreadfully alarmed. I began to think I had done some excessively foolish thing, and that surely all the unmarried ladies in London had, all of a sudden, become correspondents of mine. I grew quite sick of love epistles. I could almost have wished both them and their fair inditers at the antipodes. "Here is too much of a good thing," said I emphatically to myself. While in this agony of uneasiness at the Mont Blanc of letters piled up on the table before me, a rather lengthened interval elapsed between the last and next epistolary delivery. This gave birth to the fond hope that the love cholera had begun to abate among the sex, and that there would be few if any more new cases. Foolish hope! short-lived delusion! The hope, the delusion, had hardly a moment's existence in my mind when they were dissipated by the sound of my landlady's footsteps on another journey up-stairs. She entered my apartment. "Here, sir," said she, rather angrily,

throwing on the table ten more A. B. letters, "here, sir, and if there come any more A. B.'s you must come down and fetch them up yourself, or get somebody else to do it for you."

In ten minutes thereafter I went down-stairs, and, to my ineffable satisfaction, found there was only one new arrival. I was never more thankful in my life. I returned to my own apartment, and sat down to examine the contents of the heap of epistles before me; for hitherto they had poured in so fast, that it required all my activity to receive them and deposit them on the table. An occasional stray one continued to drop in on me until nine o'clock, past meridian. Not one of these late epistles, however, was opened by me: I tossed them into the fire, on their receipt, concluding they could not be the offspring of genuine, ardent love, as it is always *prompt* in its motions.

Well, I at length got to the most important part of the business—that of reading the letters, and deciding as to the claims of their respective authors. Oh how my heart palpitated as I sat down to the task! I commenced. Though inditers of all professed a boundless attachment to me, there were great diversities in their contents. The first epistle I read, augured very ill indeed. The writer made sundry inquiries about my finances, my prospects in life, the rank of my relations, &c., which I assuredly did not like. I consigned her letter at once to the fire. The second epistle revealed a candidate for matrimonial bliss, who spoke a great deal touching the propriety, necessity indeed, of being regularly asked in church before marriage: and of having in the event of making a "bargain," a respectable wedding. Bargain! I hate the word: it imported something too sordid for me. The third lady ran quite to the opposite extreme.

She proposed an instantaneous elopement, lest her brother should hear of the matter, and by that means prevent the marriage. Elopement! Brother! How the words grated on my ears! I had already —the reader will not yet have forgotten poor Lavinia and the inn—I had already had a great deal too much of brothers and elopements, to run my head into anything so foolish again. This letter, as well as the second, followed the first epistle up the chimney in a volume of smoke. It would be endless, and would, besides, answer no good purpose, to specify the objectionable matter I discovered in every intervening letter, until I came to number twenty-four. *It* was just the thing.—Its contents were as much to my mind, as if I myself had guided the pen of the lovely writer. I put it to all of my readers who are aspirants after connubial felicity, whether they also would not have been charmed by it. Here it is :—

My dear Sir,—Though as *yet* personally unknown to you, I hope I am justified (I am sure my own feelings justify me) in using the above affectionate phrase. I have read your intimation in the 'Herald' of this morning; and never, I assure you, has human composition made such an impression on my mind : it went directly to my heart, from which I know it will never depart. My dearest unknown, but, I trust, destined husband, believe me when I say, that your advertisement has led me to conceive of you as the *beau ideal* of all that a lover or husband should be. Words cannot express my admiration of your generosity and disinterestedness. It betrays no sordid feeling. You speak not, you give not the most distant hint of a love of money. How unlike the infinite majority of those who advertise for wives! But, though money seems to be

no object with you, I hope it will prove no objection—other matters being to your mind. I have a handsome competency solely at my own disposal; indeed, I have no near relatives in Europe to interfere, either directly or indirectly, with me or mine. As it is moral worth and not sordid pelf of which you are in quest, my fortune shall be the more readily laid at your feet. Of my personal appearance I will not speak, farther than to express a hope, that it is not disagreeable. My age, not being matter of opinion but fact, I may mention is thirty. I am morally certain, from the spirit that manifestly prompted your advertisement, that our dispositions are similar; and that as far as human eye can see, our union, if it be effected, which I hope and pray it may, will prove one of unusual happiness to both. May I, my dear sir, have the felicity of an interview? If vouchsafed to me, be so kind as to write to me immediately, when I will appoint such time and place for our meeting, as will be most likely to secure us against the intrusion of any third party. Waiting with intense anxiety your answer,

I remain, my dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

C. D.

"*P.S.*—Please direct C. D., 27, Paul Street, Fitzroy Square."

I was—who in my situation would not have been?—in raptures with this letter. It was just the thing; there was intellect in it; there was judgment in it; there was affection in it. There was something else in it; between you and me, respected reader, there was *money* in it. It is needless to say I liked it none the worse on that account. Philosophers may reason, and divines may declaim as much as they please respecting the vanity and

worthlessness of money, I must take the liberty of differing from them. Abstractly speaking, I admit the circulating medium is despicable enough; but though this be true, and though, I hope, I am the last man in the world that would do any dishonourable action to gain money, yet it is not to be denied that it is a remarkably useful commodity. It is a necessary evil; it smoothes the rugged path of life: it enables a man to walk the public thoroughfares more consequentially; to hold his head more erect in society than he could otherwise do; in a word, money works miracles.

Shall I open and peruse any more of the mountain of epistles lying before me in beautiful chaos? I asked myself this question. I hesitated a moment as to whether or not I ought to open more of the A. B. letters. It is certain, thought I, that though I had an infinitude of love epistles before me, I could not by possibility have one in the vast mass, better than C. D.'s. And if there be one or two of the number pretty similar in their contents, I may —how seasonable I then deemed the discovery!— find myself in the same predicament as the ass between the two bundles of hay; that is, remain undecided until I have lost both, or all three, as the case may be. My determination therefore was, after a few moments' consideration, to read no more letters. What then was to be done with the remaining huge archipelago of epistles? Thrust them into the fire? I felt reluctant to do that; their beautiful paper, lovely seals, admirable penmanship, all rose up and eloquently though silently, pleaded for their preservation. But what is the use of preserving a congregation of unopened, unread letters? I concluded the thing to be very foolish; more especially as they might fall at some future time into unhallowed hands, and reveal matters, both as regarded myself and others, which ought to be sacredly kept

an everlasting secret. Into the grate, therefore, I flung the whole lot; and what a bright and brilliant blaze they made! "There," said I to myself, "there go to the flames; the one physical, the other moral; the one caused by paper, the other made of lady-love." And I could have wept while I thus moralized. However, let that pass.

In answer to Miss C. D. I wrote a most affectionate and sentimental letter. It is too long, and withal of too tender and delicate a nature, to be inserted here. It will suffice the reader to be informed, that I assured her, that of all the numerous candidates for the "bliss beyond compare" of matrimony, who had made application to me in consequence of my advertisement, there was none but herself who came up to my conceptions of what a wife ought to be. I protested that the beauty and inestimable worth of her mind were established in her letter beyond the power of mortal to controvert, and that I doubted not the beauty of her person would correspond; but that at any rate, I was so deeply enamoured of her *heart* and of her *intellect*, that no personal defect, even did such exist, could be observed by me. "My angel, my very life," said I in conclusion, "do not, I beseech you, be so cruel as to deny me the incomparable happiness of an *early* interview. Remember that delays are dangerous, and that should any untoward circumstance occur to prevent our marriage, my best days will from that moment be over. The gravedigger may be at his occupation as soon afterwards as he pleases."

It is incredible how soon I received an answer. And how propitious! Miss C. D. fully responded to all I had said touching the peril of delays. She burned with an impatience to see me which, she declared, *must* be greater than mine for an interview with her. In short, she appointed a meeting:

the place,—a house she described in a lane off Holborn: the time,—that evening at five o'clock precisely.

What could be more satisfactory! What more soul-exhilarating than this! Had everything been under my own agency it could not have been more to my mind. Fool that I was! instead of blundering away, as I had done in all my previous love-makings, why did I not at once adopt this course? Why not, instead of seeking *tete-a-tete* interviews, betake myself at the first to advertising and letter-writing? Deeply did I reproach myself for my former follies when in quest of a wife. However, it is better to do well and wisely late, than never. I hoped, I believed, that the blessed results of the present affair would amply compensate me for all my previous misfortunes and miseries.

The appointed hour for the interview approached. Properly brushed up for the occasion, I went to No. 33, —— Lane, Holborn. Tremulously—for in all such cases, I suppose persons feel a certain degree of tremour—tremulously I lifted and let fall the knocker of the door. A very polite maid, as I had been made to expect, opened the door in an instant. "Is Miss Young within?" inquired I. "Yes, sir, walk up-stairs if you please," replied the she domestic simperingly. The damsel, with all apparent respect, conducted me up one pair of stairs, and then showed me into an elegantly-furnished apartment. "Miss Young will be here presently, sir," said the maid, as she held the knob of the door in her hand when quitting the room. She disappeared. The door was shut: I was left alone. That was an epoch in my history. The intensity of my anxiety to see my future partner in life, caused my pedestals to quiver beneath me; my whole frame shook. In about half a minute I heard footsteps approaching; in a second more the handle of the

door was lifted. I sprang to the door, and ere it well opened, seized in my arms, and most cordially embraced, the lady who was making her appearance. In the warmth and fervency with which I embraced Miss Young, my future wife, I actually lifted her off her feet, and carried her several yards towards the centre of the apartment. She at first uttered a wild shriek, and then set up as loudly as her lungs, which were certainly of the stentorian cast, would permit, a frightful yell of "Murder! murder!"

"My dear Miss C. D.," said I, "I am A. B.; dont be alarmed." The only answer she made was a bound towards the poker, which she seized and hurled at my head with tremendous force. That the article did not come in fatal contact with my cranium, was more a matter of miracle than anything else. I was so overwhelmed with astonishment at this singular circumstance, that I stood for some moments in the centre of the floor as motionless as the dome of St. Paul's. While thus standing a perfect personification of stupefaction, in rushed, "like a torrent down upon the vale," half-a-dozen young fellows, exclaiming in discordant chorus, "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?" These harsh sounds bellowed out by the idiots, partially restored me to my senses; and it was only now, for the first time, that I got a glimpse of the personal aspect of my intended. "Ye powers! earthly and unearthly!" I unconsciously ejaculated to myself: "what a female to make a wife of!" Macbeth's weird sisters—I had before pictured them in imagination; that moment recurred to mind. But for the physical impossibility of the thing, I would have sworn that one of the three stood before me. My wife "that was to be," was an antiquated, withered-featured hag. She must have belonged to another age: she had clearly outlived her time: she must have exceeded the noted

period of threescore-and-ten allowed to other mortals. Her every appearance, as the Scotch proverb says, would have been sufficient to make a butcher's dog run the country.

In answer to the exclamation "What's the matter?" so hastily and unanimously made, Miss C. D. protested that I was either going to ravish or murder her—perhaps both. Murder her, some unprincipled man might: but as to the other affair, she might warrant herself free from any danger of that. "Take him into custody! Take him into custody." shouted one and all the six ruffian intruders. I declared most vehemently my innocence; and swore by all that was good in the universe, or out of it, that nothing could have been farther from my intention than the perpetration of either of the crimes imputed to me.

"What, then, brought you here? And what was the cause of the assault on this old woman?" interrogated one of the notable blockheads.

I was silent, and looked, I have since been informed, remarkably stupid.

"Come, sir, answer; otherwise we hand you over to the authorities," said one Old Bailey-looking idiot.

"Sir—gentlemen—sir—gentlemen," I was stammering out, not having the most distant conception of what I was going to say, when, observing the door to be fortunately open, I bolted out of the apartment, rushed down stairs, and getting to the street, bounded away with a rapidity to which the heels of few men would be equal.

I got home, packed up my things, cleared scores with my landlady, and, ere a couple of hours had elapsed, procured new lodgings; for I was afraid of farther annoyances if I vegetated any longer at No. 23, Fetter Lane.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at the

issue of this adventure. During the whole of that night I was in utter ignorance respecting the affair. Next day I made inquiries as to the mysterious matter, when I learned that the half-dozen scoundrels who rushed into the room immediately on my embracing my Dulcinea, had, on seeing my advertisement in the Herald, entered into conspiracy to hoax the "wight," as the numskulls had the audacity to call me; that one of the six who had a sister—a lady I suppose she would like to be called and considered—as unprincipled as himself, got her to write to his dictation; that they had let the would-be-smart simpering servant-maid, into their villanous secret; and that the old female, a simple charwoman, quite ignorant of the diabolical plot, had been instructed by the aforesaid imp of a menial, to go at that particular moment into the apartment into which I had been ushered, and fetch some article which the Abigail pretended to want.

I will advertise no more. I have made up my mind to retire to some secluded spot, some "boundless contiguity of shade," if it can be had, where I will never more, or at least but seldom, see or hear of unmarried women. I had once before been of opinion, although afterwards simple enough to change it, that fate had ordained I should never taste of the pleasures of matrimony. I have readopted my former views on the subject, and so firmly am I *now* convinced that all and every attempt at forming a matrimonial alliance will issue in such a way as to hold me up anew to the ridicule of the world; that all the logic in Christendom will not remove the persuasion from my mind.

THE LAKES OF SCOTLAND.

WHO has not heard of the Scottish lakes? I had so often heard the most glowing descriptions of their romantic and picturesque scenery, that I determined, in the summer of last year, in the company of a friend, to enjoy the luxury of a visit to them. High as were our expectation of pleasure from the ramble, the reality far exceeded them. Half the beauties of the Scottish Lakes have not yet been told; nor will they ever be; for no description, however graphic, can do anything like justice to them.

The first lake we visited, as being nearest the Scottish metropolis, the place from which we started, was the celebrated Loch Leven. The day on which we first beheld this vast expanse of water, with the delightful scenery which surrounds it, was the 4th of June; a day which never returns without bringing to my mind many pleasing reminiscences of my boyish years; for, being the birth-day of George the Third, I used always on that day to escape from Mavor, my copperplate copy, Cocker, Euclid, and all the other Juggernauts of the school, and engage with my schoolfellows in the more congenial task of kindling bonfires, in proof of our juvenile loyalty to that monarch. It was the afternoon of this day before we reached Loch Leven. The weather was unusually fine. The sky was unclouded: there was a refreshing, gentle breeze from the east; just as much, and no more, as was sufficient

to neutralize the otherwise oppressive rays of the sun. This scene, therefore, which is beautiful in no ordinary degree at any time and under any circumstances, was pre-eminently so when it first met our vision. The lake was calm and tranquil in the distance; and even on nearing it, it was but slightly ruffled by the zephyrs which played over its surface. The surrounding scenery owes much of its beauty to the variety of objects grouped into it. On the west and north-west side of the lake, is the charming vale of Kinross, environed by hills in the distance; while the foreground is enriched by plantations, pleasure-grounds, and fields luxuriant with pasture. On the margin of the lake, on the same side, is the burgh of Kinross, with its numerous orchards and gardens. Not far distant, in an easterly direction, stands the dilapidated castle of Burleigh. The rugged western termination of the Lomond Hills overhangs the north-eastern extremity of the water: on the south side it is similarly overhung by the hill of Binarty. Towards the east is a level piece of coarse ground, at least three miles in length and fully one in breadth. There are several islands in the lake, but only two of any extent. The most imposing one is that adjoining the shore in the neighbourhood of Kinross. The islands contribute greatly to the effect of the scene. On one of these are still to be seen the ruins of the castle in which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned; made still more celebrated by the singular circumstances under which, assisted by the boy Douglas, she effected her escape from it. The lake is about eleven miles in circumference. We luxuriated among the beauties of its surrounding scenery until the declining sun admonished us that it was time to seek, in the adjoining town of Kinross, a place of repose for the night.

The origin of the name Loch Leven is somewhat

curious. It arose from the circumstance of the number eleven frequently occurring in matters connected with the lake. As already mentioned, it is eleven miles in circumference; the lands of eleven lairds at one time embraced its waters: there are eleven rivers and streams running into it: it contains eleven kinds of fish; and in the adjoining plantations are eleven kinds of wood. The name was, therefore, originally, Loch Eleven; but in the course of time the E was omitted as at present.

The celebrated Loch Lomond was the next of the Scottish lakes to which we directed our steps. It is appropriately called the Queen of Scottish lakes. It is entitled to the appellation whether as respects the length, and breadth, and depths of its waters, or the grandeur and variety of the adjoining scenery. It is thirty miles in length, and in some places eight in breadth; while its depth varies from sixty to three hundred and sixty feet. There are thirty islands of different sizes which rise above its surface: the larger ones are beautified with fine plantations.

Loch Lomond is completely imbedded amidst extensive chains of hills. The far-famed Grampian mountains terminate in the neighbourhood of its eastern extremity. From whatever part the lake is viewed, the scenery is unspeakably grand and beautiful. The scenery, however, partakes of a very different character when viewed from different points. Our first view was from the hill of Ardleishdoun, which looks in a southward direction. The scenery from this point is eminently picturesque. The varied shores of the vast expanse of water, with their numerous and diversified bays and headlands, and the rugged hills with their various passes and lonely glens, form altogether a scene of surpassing beauty and interest.

Our next view was from Mount Misery, near the southern extremity of the lake. It was not without

some exertion and much fatigue that we climbed this hill; but amply did the prospect reward us for our trouble. The lake is here to be seen in its greatest breadth. The eye is also, from this point, able to take in most of the numerous islands which are scattered over its surface. On its western and eastern banks are various chains of mountains, apparently embracing each other towards the north, where their rugged and serrated tops seem to pierce the sky. From the summit of Mount Misery, the scenery is infinitely diversified, as well as of the most enchanting kind. Here the eye is distracted with the multiplicity of objects which claim its attention. The effect of the whole, to the spectator who has a relish for the beauties of nature, is absolutely overpowering: we were so utterly lost in amazement, and admiration of the prospect, as to remain for a time totally unconscious that we were sentient beings. And, in addition to the charming workmanship of nature, with which the surrounding, objects abound, it was hallowed to our minds by the recollection, that within a few miles of the spot on which we then stood, were born three of the most distinguished individuals in the literary and scientific history of Scotland. Buchanan, the historian, Napier, the inventor of logarithms, and Smollet, the novelist, severally drew their first breath within a circle of four miles of Mount Misery.

One day's survey of the magnificent and picturesque scenery of Loch Lomond, instead of satisfying, only awakened in us a desire for still farther converse with its beauties. Next morning we resumed the grateful exercise of rambling among its wooded banks. We had been awe-stricken and amazed on the preceding day at the colossal proportions of Ben Lomond; yet, notwithstanding our conviction of the toil and trouble of ascending that vast mountain, we determined on the enterprise, assured in our own

minds, that the view from thence would constitute an ample compensation. We were not disappointed. What a sight! The spectator, while he beholds it, forgets that he belongs to this world. He fancies himself in another sphere, and imagines that he is conversing with other objects than those with which he is accustomed to meet. I question if there be another spot in Europe, whence a view, combining, in an equal degree, the attributes of extensiveness, variety, sublimity, and grandeur may be had. Beneath are the broad expanse of water, the numerous islands with which it is studded, and the valleys, plantations, and pasture-fields which adjoin its margin. When the weather is fine, which it happily was when we gained the summit of the mountain, the populous city of Glasgow is seen on the one hand, and that of Edinburgh on the other. Towards the south, the eye is distracted by the variety and extent of the prospect; it takes in at once the entire county of Lanark, the fertile vale through which the Clyde rolls its majestic waters, with the towns and villages on its banks, and even the far-distant mountainsof Cumberland. To the west, are observed the counties of Renfrew and Ayr, with the interesting islands of Bute and Arran; while still farther on are the coast of Ireland, and the Atlantic Ocean, in the immensity of which last the eye loses itself. The prospect, in a northerly direction, partakes, in an eminent degree, of the sublime and awful. The spectator, while beholding the scene, feels an emotion come over him which he finds it impossible to describe: it is of a mixed kind; partaking largely of melancholy and astonishment, not unmingled with fear. Mountains rise above mountains in all their gigantic proportions, while their infinitely diversified and rugged forms impart a grandeur to the whole scene, of the most striking kind.

About two hours before sunset, the sky, which

was formerly unclouded, became suddenly overcast. Shortly after, a scene ensued of the most terrific kind: but few such scenes could ever have been witnessed in Europe. We found ourselves above the region of the clouds: they floated in the atmosphere beneath and hovered over the surface of the mountains; anon succeeded a vivid flash of lightning, which was instantly followed by a peal of thunder, louder and more protracted, perhaps, than was ever before or since heard on British ground. Again and again, in forked and brilliant sheets, did the electric fluid flash; and again and again did the thunder peal, till its reverberations among the mountains seemed to us as if they had been the prelude to the disorganization of nature herself. Our courage, I am free to confess, forsook us; we stood aghast at the appalling scene; we then felt, for the first time, the utter insignificance of man: we felt, moreover, as if we had been alone in the world. Happily, the elemental strife, after raging with such violence for about half an hour, began to subside, and we hastened to descend the mountain, seeking to calm our yet troubled spirits in the nearest house. We returned next morning to Glasgow, which is distant from Loch Lomond twenty miles.

In a few days we quitted Glasgow for the purpose of visiting Loch Katrine, which is situated in the county of Perth, and is nearly fifty miles distant from Glasgow. In extent it is not to be compared with Loch Lomond, being only ten miles in length, and from one and a half to two in breadth. But nothing can surpass the splendour and sublimity of the scenery which surrounds it: nature seems to run riot here. Elevated mountains and lofty rocks in every variety of form and aspect, are thrown together in "beautiful disorder;" while not only the face of the hills, but even the tops of the most haggard rocks, are adorned by shrubs and trees; all as

flourishing as if rooted in the most congenial soil. The lake is completely encircled by lofty mountains. It was some hours after a heavy and protracted rain, that we happened to visit the place; and the water still continuing in numberless streams to foam down the furrowed sides of the mountains into the lake, imparted an interest and effect to the scene which were quite overpowering.

This applies to the scenery generally; but there are several points whence the view acquires peculiar interest. The one we first selected, was that which commanded the best view of the bristled fields, or, to use the term most generally employed, the Trossachs. The scenery here inspires the spectator, not only with a feeling of admiration and amazement, but with one of profound awe. Vast fragments of rocks, as if broken into pieces from a huge mountain, by the operation of some mighty volcanic agency, are scattered in the water at the eastern end, and for nearly two miles along its sides. Altogether, the scene can have but few parallels in the world, for "its wild nature" and terrific grandeur.

Proceeding a little farther on the road which leads along the northern shore of Loch Katrine, the tourist finds the aspect of the scene materially changed; it is more varied and agreeable. The rugged rocks are intermingled with numerous lofty cliffs adorned with an ample covering of wood, which has the appearance, despite of the seemingly unfavourable soil, of so many thriving plantations on a limited scale. On the distant hills, luxuriant with heath, may he seen many thousands of sheep, while from the adjoining valleys may be heard the lowing of cattle. On the placid bosom of the lake are often to be seen many hundreds of wild ducks, sailing sportively about, as if they too were delighted with the matchless beauties of the scene.

The third and last spot whence we took a special

survey of Loch Katrine and the surrounding district, was Craig Innes,* which is three miles from the eastern end of the lake. The scene is eminently beautiful, and we beheld it under circumstances which invested it with unusual charms. The evening was far advanced, and the yellow radiance of a declining sun, deeply tinged every object it touched. The water, which was unruffled as a mirror, faithfully reflected the countless rays of the celestial luminary, while the heath-clad mountains which adjoined, and the fertile valleys in the distance, exhibited every variety of hue. I never before beheld a scene so soothing and grateful to the mind. A thousand homilies, I am sure, could not have a tithe of the effect in taming the fiercer passions of man's nature. We felt as if we had been standing on consecrated ground, and as if it would have aggravated, a hundred-fold, the guilt of any criminal action, if committed there. We felt, indeed, as if we could have lingered for ages amid the beauties which surrounded us,—as if, in truth, time itself could not have satiated the eye with the charms of the scene.

Not far distant are other places whence most interesting and picturesque views of Loch Katrine and its surrounding scenery are to be had. It is in one of these, that Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," supposes Fitzjames to be standing when he makes him exclaim:—

> "What a scene were here
> For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
> On this bold brow a lordly tower;
> In that soft vale a lady's bower;

* It is but justice to mention, that, in selecting the best places for viewing this lake as well as Loch Lomond, we were assisted by a work lately published by Mr. Swan, of Glasgow, entitled, "Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland."

On yonder meadow far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray.
How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And when the midnight moon should lay
Her forehead on the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin's distant hum!
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell
To drop a bead with every bell:—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should the bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall."

Dr. Johnson, after describing the emotions he felt when he first set his foot on Icolmkill, very happily observes, that the man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona. No poet could visit Loch Katrine, without feeling the poetic spirit more active in his breast than before. If, indeed, we did not know that poetic genius is of necessity an innate quality in those who possess it, one could almost suppose the scenery of this lake must have the power of creating it. The effect it had on Sir Walter Scott's mind, as a poet, is well known; it is the scene of his "Lady of the Lake,"—undoubtedly the happiest effort of his muse. Loch Katrine and he were of mutual advantage to each other. While viewing its magnificent scenery, he poured forth the inspirations of his muse more felicitously than ever he did before or since; while the effect of his charming description of its beauties, has been to make it a hundred-fold better known than it had previously been. Before the publication of Sir Walter's "Lady of the Lake," Loch Katrine was little known and

still less frequented: now it is thronged by visiters from all quarters: perhaps it is more frequented by persons on excursions of pleasure than all the other Scottish lakes taken together.

Not many miles distant from Loch Katrine, is Loch Achray; it is only of limited dimensions, being a mile in length, and not more than half a mile in breadth. On this account therefore, it is not entitled to special notice; but it is so on account of the matchless beauty of the adjoining scenery, and the place it occupies in the novels and poetry of Sir Walter Scott. The great magician, finding it impossible, nothwithstanding his unequalled powers of description, to convey any correct conception of its beauties to the minds of his readers, contented himself with the application to it, of the word "lovely:" nothing indeed, can be more so. On the south, the ground which gradually rises from the margin of the lake, is in a great measure clad with heath, which, in the summer season, is not only pleasing to the eye, but emits a fragrant smell. The northern side of the lake has a rocky aspect; but so far from having a repulsive appearance, it is remarkably soft and pleasant, owing to the rich covering of wood which conceals its harsher features. In the distance are huge mountains, whose towering tops seem to embrace the sky: amid these mountains are numerous glens of great depth, whose silence is only disturbed by the streamlets which gurgle in their progress to the lake. It was early on the morning when we had visited Loch Katrine, that we proceeded to Loch Achray. The lake itself was silvered over by the rays of one of the brightest suns that ever shone on our world; making the beauties of nature more beautiful still. Add to this, that on the boughs of the trees which overshadow the northern margin of the lake, were perched a countless throng of feathered choristers, all express-

ing, in notes of sweetest melody, how sensibly they were alive to the joy-inspiring scene,—and some idea may be formed of the ecstatic delight which we felt while wandering along the shores of Loch Achray.

Passing over several other lakes abounding in romantic and picturesque scenery, and which are well worthy a visit from the tourist, I come to Loch Ness. This lake is situated in Inverness-shire: its eastern extremity is about six miles southwest from Inverness: it is about twenty-three miles in length, and from one to one and a half in breadth. The depth in some places is so great, that it has never yet been sounded: in many parts it varies from one to eight hundred fathoms. The scenery on the north side of the lake is beautiful in no ordinary degree: on the south side its magnificence quite overpowers the mind. When it first broke on our eye, it seemed as if we had been suddenly introduced into a new world. The most imaginative poet that ever lived could never, in the most unbridled moments of his fancy, have conceived anything approaching to it. We felt we were beholding a scene which immeasurably transcended anything of which we had ever read, even in fairy tale. Compared with it, how poor the happiest efforts of art! On either side are a number of high hills, or rather ranges of mountains, whose towering tops, as the poet expresses it, invade the heavens. The face of these mountains is, for the most part, thickly studded with trees of various kinds, including the beech, the oak, the ash, the birch, &c. On the south side is an avenue of many miles in length. The road, which for excellence equals any in Europe, is on the very brink of the lake; which enables the spectator to survey the imposing scene under every possible advantage. The projecting headlands and retiring bays, which are numerous and of various shapes and sizes; with the rich covering of wood of nature's

planting, which adorns both sides of the lake; and the woods and vales, and hills and dales in the distance,—are all taken in at one glance. In fine, the scenery adjoining Loch Ness must be one of the happiest efforts which nature ever made at the grand and beautiful.

Loch Ness is celebrated for its historical associations as well as its magnificent scenery. Culloden, where the battle was fought which crushed the rebellion of 1746, is only a few miles distant from it; and it was in the humble cottage of a poor kilted peasant, on its margin, that Prince Charles found a place of concealment after his defeat on Culloden Moor,—though the friends of Government carried on, in the immediate neighbourhood, a most rigorous search during the ten days he was secreted there. It required great moral courage, as well as attachment to the Pretender, in the Highland cottager, to harbour the unfortunate Prince, with the consequences threatened by Government staring him in the face; but the most extraordinary proof of virtue and fidelity, on the part of the peasant, was the fact of his protecting the Prince, though he knew that by giving him up he would entitle himself to the reward of £30,000, offered for the person of Charles. The fate of the poor Highlandman was melancholy in the extreme: he was hanged a few years afterwards at Inverness for stealing a cow! He was impelled to the crime by the most urgent want; and yet he possessed so generous a soul, that, notwithstanding his great poverty, not even the reward of £30,000 could induce him to betray a fellow-being who, in the hour of misfortune, had entrusted his safety to him. The records of ancient Greece or Rome do not contain a more splendid example of true nobility of mind.—The north side of Loch Ness is also celebrated as the place to which General Wade, of "Highland road-making memory,"

is known to have been more enthusiastically attached than to any other spot in Great Britain, and as possessing one of the finest roads in Europe, made by that general in the face of physical difficulties such as, perhaps, have never been overcome.

If there were any drawback to the pleasure we enjoyed while luxuriating among the matchless beauties of the scenery around the Scottish lakes, it arose from the reflection that they are comparatively so little frequented. There are thousands of our countrymen who every successive summer quit their homes in quest of picturesque views; but the great majority of them seek for that scenery on foreign shores, though much more beautiful is to be witnessed in their own country. The taste, if such it can be called, which thus induces men to visit far-distant lands for the purpose of viewing their most interesting scenery, while scenery still more interesting and beautiful is to be witnessed in their own, is at once vicious and expensive.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS WIFE.

I TAKE a peculiar delight in studying human nature, especially as it exhibits itself among the lower orders of society. He who, like myself, would witness its noblest and most unsophisticated manifestations, must look for them among the working-people. I feel so much gratification in hearing one of the lower classes unbosoming himself to another, with all that freedom and native simplicity so peculiar to themselves, that I often steal away from what is called intellectual society, to listen, for an hour or two, to their conversation.

The metropolis of England affords innumerable opportunities of indulging this disposition to all who choose to embrace them. The coffee-houses which, I should mention, are to be met with in almost every street, are much frequented by the working-people—the extreme moderation of the charges made for refreshment, being so suited to their means. There is one of these in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, in which, some years ago, I used to spend a spare hour; ostensibly for the purpose of reading the newspapers, but actually that I might enjoy the luxury of overhearing the conversations in which the working-people, who chiefly attended it, frequently engaged together.

One of the conversations I thus, on one occasion, overheard, made so deep an impression on my mind, that it is not likely I shall ever forget it. It oc-

curred on the Good Friday of 1834. A few minutes after I had seated myself and taken a newspaper in my hand, two young men, apparently about the age of from twenty to twenty-five, entered the room, and took their seats in the box which I then occupied.

"Ah! Robert, how are you?" said one of them to another who had been in the box before I entered it, and who was sitting directly opposite to me. The two cordially shook each other by the hand, and seemed very happy at meeting. The third did not appear to have previously met with the young man who was in the room before he and his companion entered, as they did not exchange words for some time, and then in such a manner as indicated that they were unacquainted with each other.

I could easily perceive from their accent, that they were all countrymen of my own; in other words, were Scotchmen. That circumstance did not lessen the interest I felt in their after-conversation.

"I have just been reading," Robert said to the party who was in the box before the other two young men entered the room—"I have just been reading a very interesting and affecting account of the devoted attachment which an English peasant and his wife cherished towards each other, and which was strikingly manifested under the most trying circumstances. Read it: it is well worthy of perusal."

He hastily handed the newspaper to the other, with the passage marked.

"It is very interesting and very affecting," remarked the latter, after reading it; "but not of nearly so much so as a story which my father has often told me, illustrative of the affection which a countryman of our own felt for his wife, and of the warmth and sincerity with which that affection was

reciprocated by her. My father was himself a witness of the principal incidents in the narrative; and I never yet knew him relate the story without drawing tears from the eyes of all who were present."

"Do let me hear it," said Robert.

"It is rather long to tell it you now; I shall let you hear it all on some other occasion."

"Never mind the length," replied Robert.—"There is nothing," he added, "that affords me so much pleasure as to hear of circumstances which are honourable to our common nature. I am free to confess that that pleasure is heightened when the persons, as in this case, exhibiting these excellent traits of character, belong to Scotland."

"Well, then," said the other, "I shall tell you the story as well as I can; though I cannot do it with half the effect with which my father was accustomed to relate it."

He proceeded with his tale. Never did I read or hear any narrative in which I felt so deeply interested. It was with difficulty I could refrain from playing the woman while listening to it. If the narrator, on this occasion, felt himself unable to do it the justice it received at the hands of his father, I am sensible of my inability to tell it with the effect which accompanied its relation by him. I can only give an outline of the story, and must leave it to the reader's imagination to fill it up in the best way he can. The skeleton of the story is this:

In the year 1808, when Napoleon may be said to have been in the zenith of his glory, and when so much alarm was entertained lest he should carry into effect his threatened invasion of this country, a very general desire pervaded the peasantry of Scotland to enlist themselves in the British army, that they might assist in arresting the Emperor of France in his career of tyranny and ambition. In

no Scottish breast did this sacred flame of patriotism burn with greater purity and fervour, than in that of Donald Murdoch. He enlisted in the 72d regiment, which he preferred for two reasons: first, because many of his acquaintances were already in it; and, secondly, because it had acquired deserved distinction in consequence of the valorous feats it had often achieved on the field of battle. After recruiting for five months in the principal towns of his native country, he appointed a day for his marriage with Margaret Campbell, to whom he had been some time pledged. Margaret and he had been intimate from their infancy; and never did two lovers regard each other with a more ardent affection. The marriage-day arrived; and the few relations and acquaintances of the parties (for neither had many relations alive) assembled to witness the nuptial ceremony, and to partake of the homely fair which the circumstances of the bridegroom and bride enabled them to provide for the occasion. The worthy clergyman who pronounced the nuptial benediction, knowing, as he did, the privations, and dangers, and hardships to which a soldier is exposed in the time of war, expressed peculiar interest in the fortunes of the young couple. He feelingly expatiated on their duty to administer to each other all the comfort in their power, in whatever circumstances of difficulty or suffering they might be placed; and especially pressed on them ever so to act, as that, if suddenly called on—as in the vicissitudes of war it was not improbable they soon should be—to part from each other in this world, they might have the consolation arising from an assured confidence of meeting again, never more to be separated, in the world above.

The last words had scarcely escaped the lips of the clergyman, when a knock was heard at the

door. "Come in," said Donald, in accents of solemnity, which denoted how deeply he was affected by the affectionate and impressive address of the venerable divine. A girl who acted as servant on the occasion, entered the apartment, and, advancing to the bridegroom, put a letter into his hand. "That," said she, "is from your sergeant." Donald tremulously broke open the seal; he read the letter. It was a notification, that orders had that evening been received by post for the departure of the company, for Limerick, on the following morning.

The circumstance of being called on to leave one's native country, at any time, never fails to give rise to feelings of a very painful kind; but it was doubly affecting to Donald and his bride, under the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed. If their grief could have been alleviated, it must have been by the strong proofs of sympathy in their fate, which were manifested by all present.

Donald earnestly begged of Margaret that she would remain behind, and follow him to Ireland, when she should have time to prepare herself, in some measure, for the journey: but no entreaty had the slightest effect on her. Every consideration of prudence and personal ease was overlooked in the warmth of her attachment to her husband,—if indeed the term could, with strict propriety, be applied to one who had but so recently been called by the endearing name of lover.

Donald and Margaret quitted their native country next morning at six o'clock. In ten days they reached Glasgow. After remaining there for a week waiting for a vessel, Donald embarked for Ireland; but Margaret, on the morning of embarkation, was taken so seriously ill, that the physician advised her removal to the hospital.

The husband and wife were consequently obliged to part with each other. They both consoled themselves with the hope that their separation would be only temporary. Donald, with a heavy heart, quitted Glasgow; and the circumstance of being parted from him, so much aggravated the malady under which Margaret laboured, that, for a fortnight after the third day of her illness, no hopes were entertained of her recovery. At the end of that time, however, the symptoms of her disease began to assume a less alarming aspect, and though she gradually continued to improve, it was three months before she was in a condition to leave the hospital. As soon as the state of her health would permit, she embarked for Ireland, with the view of being again with her husband. Judge of her disappointment and sorrow when, on her arrival at Limerick, she learnt that Donald, with the detachment of the regiment to which he belonged, had two days previously departed for Jersey. A month elapsed before she could get a vessel to carry her thither; and it was not until three weeks afterwards, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, that she had again the happiness of embracing her husband.

In exactly six months after Margaret landed in Jersey, she was delivered of a fine boy. In four weeks after confinement, an order came for the embarkation of the 72d for Spain. To be compelled to move in her then delicate state of health, would have been bad enough; but along with the order for the embarkation of the troops, there came positive instructions, that only twelve wives to one hundred men should be allowed to accompany their husbands. The intelligence of this was shocking to Donald and his wife; but as the wives who should be permitted to accompany their husbands,

were to be chosen by ballot, Donald and Margaret clung to the fond though faint hope, that the latter might have the good fortune to be one of the twelve. A number of slips of paper, proportioned to the number of wives whose husbands were about to embark, were then prepared for "the drawing," with the words written on each, "To go," or "Not to go." These were all put into a bag, out of which they were to be drawn. The place of drawing was the apartment of the sergeant who held the bag in his hand, and otherwise saw justice done to all parties. The women were to try their fortune, in the order of their seniority. The scene was one of the deepest interest. The apartment was crowded even by those soldiers who had no wives, but who felt a lively interest in the good fortune or otherwise, of such of their companions in arms as had. Such soldiers as were united to "bad" wives, to use a homely but expressive term, secretly prayed that their partners might severally draw out a "Not to go;" as they hoped in that case to get rid of them for ever. The anxiety which such persons felt in the result, though quite of a different description, was scarcely less intense than that of those soldiers who were blessed with affectionate and dutiful wives, and to whom, consequently, the thought of separation, especially as that separation might be final, was misery itself.

It is unnecessary to say, that those wives who loved their husbands were equally anxious as to the result of the balloting. The anxiety thus entertained by all, though in different persons it differed in degree, was clearly depicted in their countenances.

The first woman entitled by seniority to put her hand into the bag, was the sergeant's wife. She took out a slip; it was a "To go." As they had

not congratulated themselves on their union, or, to speak more plainly, as they had been unhappy together, there was little appearance of exultation on the part of either, at what, in other circumstances, would have been considered a piece of extremely good fortune.

The next woman whose turn it was to "draw" was the wife of the corporal. She had not only lorded it over her husband, but had affected airs of superiority in her intercourse with the other wives in the company. She was not only of a haughty disposition, but of an insufferably bad temper. She was consequently very much disliked by all who were acquainted with her. The slip she pulled out of the bag, had written on it words—"Not to go." The result was hailed with delight by all present. The countenance of every one wore an expression of satisfaction not to be mistaken. The joy of the husband, it is hardly necessary to say, was unbounded.

"It is my turn next," cried an Irishwoman of athletic proportions and harsh features, as she rushed towards the spot—unceremoniously thrusting the by-standers aside,—where the sergeant stood with the bag. She was a perfect termagant—one of the greatest viragos that ever existed. So strong were her pugnacious propensities, that, not satisfied with daily, and indeed almost hourly, mauling and mangling the person of her husband, she was constantly getting into broils with the other women, and often beating them so unmercifully as to become an object of perpetual terror and merited dislike to all. Every one seemed to feel a personal interest in the result of her adventure in the lottery. She thrust her hand into the bag, and observed on opening the slip, that she had been successful, she held it up, exclaiming in a strong

Connaught brogue, "Dorothy will go yet in spite of ye all." The disappointment which every one felt at Dorothy's success was visibly expressed in their countenances; some, indeed, could not refrain from giving it utterance in words. "The devil's aye kind to his ain bairns," exclaimed a Scotchwoman, in the height of her indignation. Dorothy immediately rewarded the latter for the compliment, by a blow which at once laid her prostrate on the ground.

Several others of the soldiers' wives took their turns at drawing; but as neither themselves nor their husbands were particularly liked or otherwise in the company, the interest felt in the result was not very great.

At last it came to Margaret's turn; she herself had been but a short time with the party; but her manners were so very amiable, and her attachment to her husband was so very marked, that every one felt the strongest desire that she should get a—"To go." The uncertainty as to the result, or rather the fearful apprehension that her adventure would be unsuccessful, almost deprived her of the sense of consciousness. With a pale countenance, a palpitating breast, and a trembling hand, she advanced to take her chance. As the bag was opened to receive her hand, she looked at it with a vacant stare, hesitating to put her fortune to the test, lest she should draw a "Not to go."

"Come, my good woman, you must proceed," said the sergeant; "we have little time to spare." He spoke in so kind and feeling a tone, as proved how strongly he felt for Margaret."

"Come, come, Maggie," said Donald, for so he always called her; "come, come, you must put in your hand."

As he spoke, he gently patted her on the shoul-

ders. She uttered not a word; but looking Donald in the face with an expression, which no one who witnessed it could ever afterwards forget, plunged her hand into the bag as if in desperation. She drew out a slip; but her feelings had now so far overcome her, that she was neither able to open it, nor to support herself. Donald seized her in his arms, to prevent her swooning away; the sergeant took the paper from her hand, and opened it. His face reddened as he looked at the writing. He uttered not a word; even *his* powers of articulation seemed to fail him on the occasion. But though he spoke not a syllable, all present at once read in his countenance the intelligence which his tongue refused to communicate. Margaret's fears, Donald's fears, the fears of all, proved but too well founded—Margaret was not to go. About a minute elapsed before she so far recovered her consciousness as to be sensible of her fate. She then uttered a piercing shriek as Donald gently whispered to her that they were to be parted.

"Oh, Donald! Donald!" she exclaimed in half-frantic accents; "and can you leave me and your puir babie? Must we be separated? We shall never see each other again. Cruel—cruel destiny!"

As she spoke, she flung her arms around the neck of her husband and eagerly embraced him.

Donald uttered not a word; the hardship of his fate, and the agony of despair in which he beheld Margaret, bereft him for the moment of the power of speech. All the answer he could return to her affecting appeal, was to enclose her in his arms, and to bury his face in her bosom.

There was scarcely a dry eye among the persons present. The results of the other "drawings" that remained to be made, were in a great measure forgotten in the deep and sincere sorrow which all felt

at the destiny which was about to separate two persons whose affection for each other was so pure and intense.

The balloting having finished, the different parties returned to their several quarters to prepare for their departure, on the following morning, for the seat of war. Donald and Margaret were both so affected by their pending separation, that neither of them slept one moment during the night; indeed, they did not go to bed at all, but sat at the fire mourning over their hard destiny. Margaret would alternately look at Donald and her babie: and such looks! Her eye forcibly expressed the tumultuous passions which agitated her bosom and agonized her soul. Her every glance went like a dagger to the heart of Donald; but though standing so much in need of consolation himself, he endeavoured from time to time to administer comfort to her. He expressed a hope, a hope which he very faintly entertained himself, that they would soon meet again.

"Na, na, Donald," replied Margaret, in half-articulated accents; "we'll never meet again in this world: may He who has promised in his blessed word not to disregard the prayers of the afflicted, grant that we may meet in heaven."

As Margaret thus spoke, both pressed each other to their bosoms; as they did a thousand times in the course of that mournful night. Morning arrived, and with six o'clock came the sounding of the buglehorn; that sound which admonished Donald, as it did his companions in arms, to prepare for the commencement of their march. The sound of the instrument thrilled through the souls of both, as if every successive tone had been the knell of death. The detachment had six miles to travel before they reached the place of embarkation. Donald and others entreated Margaret to take her

farewell of her husband where they were; as walking such a distance with a child of such tender years, and especially in the then inclement state of the weather, could do no good. But she was deaf to all such entreaties.

"I will," said she, "take the last look of Donald that will be allowed me. I will see him on board; I will see the vessel sail with him, and then—"

She would have proceeded, but her feelings overcame her.

The orders were given to march. To walk six miles, on foot, in the state of deep and unutterable distress in which Margaret was, would have been altogether impossible. The sergeant kindly interposed on her behalf, and procured her a place in one of the baggage-wagons. In about two hours they reached the port whence the detachment was to sail. Margaret went on board with Donald, and observing the commanding officer, threw herself at his feet, and implored him to allow her to accompany her husband.

"My worthy woman," said the officer, evidently affected at the situation of Margaret; "my worthy woman, I should be most happy to allow you; but my orders that no more than twelve women to one hundred men be permitted, are peremptory, and I dare not disobey them."

"But my poor babie, sir; what will become of it?"

She held out the young innocent in her arms, at the same time looking the officer steadfastly in the face; her hair dishevelled, and the tears gushing from her eyes.

The officer pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, and applying it to his eyes, turned away from the affecting spectacle. On recovering in

some degree the mastery over his feelings, he again turned round to Margaret, and said, with a most impressive emphasis; "Would to Heaven, my good woman, I could help you; but it is not in my power."

"Weel, weel," sighed Margaret, addressing herself to Donald, who all this time had been standing beside her as motionless as if transfixed to the spot; "weel, weel, its a' owre wi' us in this world. I am from this moment a widow, and our babie is an orphan; but maybe we'll meet in heaven. Tak' a last kiss o' your puir infant, Donald." As she sobbed out the last sentence, she cast a look at her husband which pierced his inmost soul.

She held up the child to Donald, but the agony of the moment had overwhelmed him; instead of kissing his babe, he unconsciously fell back on a quantity of luggage which was lying on the deck.

He had barely recovered from this state of insensibility, when orders were given to put the vessel in motion. Donald took his child in his arms, and hugged it to his bosom; and having loaded it with his caresses, held it out to Margaret: but she was too much overcome by her emotions to be able to receive it. One of the sailors took the young innocent from its father's arms, and gave it to a woman on the quay. The mother all this while clung to Donald as if with the grasp of death; at last she was literally torn from him amidst the most piercing shrieks.

The vessel, with Donald and the other soldiers, sailed; and Margaret and her infant were both carried to a house in an adjoining village. In three months from the date of quitting Jersey, Donald fell in the battle of Corunna. He was not only among the foremost in the field of battle, but was among the first that fell in that memorable engage-

ment. Margaret never recovered the shock her feelings and affections sustained by the separation from Donald; she died, by a singular coincidence, on the very same day as he—she died of a broken heart.

The feelings of the young man to whom the narrative was addressed, were much affected during its recital. I can say with truth, that my own, as formerly mentioned, were not less so; though seemingly reading a newspaper all the time; in which posture I continued, lest the appearance of close attention to the painful story might have disturbed him who was telling it. My mind was so much interested in what I was hearing, that I knew not a word of what was contained in the journal before me.

The other young man appeared still more affected. He hung his head pensively all the time. His eyes seemed rivetted to one spot on the table. While at the most affecting part of the narrative, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he heaved a succession of deep sighs. I ascribed this either to the circumstance of his being more susceptible of sympathy in cases of an affecting nature, than either of us, or to his having less control over himself in the expression of what he felt.

Although I had not exchanged a word with either of the individuals, I felt so irrepressible a desire to know from what part of Scotland Donald and Margaret came, that I was about to break in on the conversation of the parties, and ask the question, when it was anticipated by him to whom the story was addressed. They came from Braemoray.

"From Braemoray!" I exclaimed, on learning the fact, "Is it possible? I come from that part of Scotland, though I left it in early years."

"And may I take the liberty of asking," I added,

"whether you come from the same place?" As before observed his accent denoted he was a Scotchman, and his intimate acquaintance with the circumstances of the story, and the manifest interest he took in it, naturally led to the conjecture that he might be from the same place as the parties.

He answered in the affirmative.

I cordially shook him by the hand, aasured him I was happy to see any one from that part of the country; but doubly happy to see him in consequence of the circumstances under which I chanced to meet with him.

"And what became of the poor child?" inquired the individual for whom the recital was chiefly intended. I was about to ask the same question.

"It was taken care of by a Scotch gentleman, who was in Jersey at the time, and by him sent to Braemoray, to the parents of the mother. They gave the boy as good an education as their affairs would permit; and at the age of fourteen apprenticed him to a cabinet-maker, in Elgin. Having served his time there, he came up to London."

"To London! And is he still here?"

"He is."

"Have you any idea in what part of London he is?"

"This, sir, is he on my left," pointing to the young man who had been so greatly affected during the recital of the story.

I held out my hand to him, and asked him to my house.

It may gratify the reader to learn that he is now in a highly respectable situation, without the least reason to apprehend that he will be ever obliged to submit to the drudgery of manual labour to earn a subsistence.

THE CHIEFTAIN AND HIS VASSAL.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

It will be admitted by all who are acquainted with Scottish history, that there is no era in the annals of Scotland so replete with those marvellous incidents which constitute the romance of real life, as the period during which feudalism reigned in all its glory. The power and influence which the chieftain exercised over his vassals, were altogether unbounded. His will was, in almost every instance, their law: they had no higher views of the purposes for which they were called into being, than in so far as these were associated with the promotion of his plans. However great the sacrifices to which they thereby subjected themselves, those sacrifices were cheerfully borne. The heroic deeds they performed on their chieftain's account, were not prompted by slavish fear, but proceeded from a mingled feeling of veneration and affectionate attachment to his person.

Love, however, when genuine, invariably reigns paramount in the soul. It has done so in every age and in every country. Its dominion is alike acknowledged by the savage and the sage. It forcibly bursts through

every restraint that intervenes betwixt it and its object,—utterly regardless of individual consequences.

Innes (the chief of a clan was distinguished by no other appellation than the general name of his clan), Innes was universally acknowledged during the middle of the thirteenth century, to be one of the most illustrious and powerful chieftains in Scotland,—whether in regard to personal courage, the number of his retainers, or the deeds of prowess the latter had achieved. Residing principally, indeed almost exclusively, in his lordly castle in Morayshire,—ever surrounded by those whose highest gratification centred in the ready performance of his pleasure, the almost adored chieftain eventually became so haughty and ambitious, that he conceived himself the only individual in the country worthy of being the friend of his sovereign.

A wide field soon opened up to the ambitious aspirations of Innes, who at this time had only attained the age of twenty-four. In the year 1249, Alexander the Second discharged what the poet designates the debt of nature; and as the successor of that monarch was yet but in his nonage, the friends of Innes urgently advised him to repair to the Scottish court, where they doubted not he would virtually acquire all the power and receive all the honour of a monarch, until the young king should attain the years of maturity recognised by the constitution of the country.

This advice, it is unnecessary to remark, was quite congenial to the mind of the young chieftain, —in conseqnence, as has just been observed, of the wide scope it promised to his ambitious views. Most willingly would he have acted in accordance with the counsel which his more respectable vassals had thus tendered to him, but for a cause which bound

him to his home—he was in love; in love, too, with Albertina, the only daughter of one of his own superior retainers.

This young lady was possessed of a combination of mental and personal attractions which can scarcely be expected to be witnessed above once in an age. She was, too, at that interesting epoch of her life, when the period of her teens was on the eve of its expiration. The charms of Albertina had operated like a spell on the mind of the young chieftain: a violent struggle ensued in his breast between love and pride. He thought of his illustrious birth and present glory and power; he ruminated on the long line and wide-spread reputation of his ancestors—and his haughty mind brooked not the idea of marrying the daughter of one of his own vassals. The united influence of pride and ambition obtained a temporary triumph over his love; and by a desperate effort he quitted his baronial mansion, and repaired to Edinburgh, in the fond hope that, by witnessing the splendour and mingling in the gay amusements of the Scottish court, he should be able to banish from his mind the image of Albertina.

Vain hope! Although he plunged into the vortex of pleasure, and forgot everything else amid the festivities and magnificence of the court, the image of Albertina still haunted his mind. Her half-angelic countenance still flitted before his fancy, rendering him miserable throughout the day, and "spoiling his rest" at night.

A few months subsequent to his arrival in the Scottish metropolis, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth-day returned; and his brother, who had been left at home with instructions to support the hospitable fame of Innes Castle, during the chieftain's absence, gave a feast or ball, to participate in the pleasures of which the population of the sur-

rounding country, as well as Innes' own vassals, were invited. On this, as on every similar occasion, a tournament was announced. At these tournaments it was customary for every champion to challenge to single combat, by the mouth of a herald, any individual present who ventured to dispute the superiority of her whom he loved to any other member of the female sex. Agreeably to this custom, the lists were on this occasion prepared; and every spectator awaited with the deepest anxiety until he should see whether or not there were any youth present sufficiently chivalrous thus publicly to proclaim at the hazard of his life, the superior charms of his mistress.

In a few moments appeared the gallant Henry Lindsay, encased in a richly ornamented coat of mail, and riding on a beautiful and spirited steed. He was one of Innes' superior vassals, and his father had received special marks of favour from the preceding chieftain of the clan, in return for some important services he had rendered him.

There was something peculiarly prepossessing in the present appearance and previous conduct of the gallant youth; and no sooner had he entered the lists, clad in the armour of a combatant, than a feeling of apprehension was universally entertained by the spectators, lest a conflict should ensue, and his life be the price of his chivalry.

Henry Lindsay boldly advanced to the person who acted as herald on the occasion, and instructed him to proclaim in the hearing of all—"The loveliest and the best of Caledonia's daughters is the beautiful Albertina. In her there is a union of all that is virtuous and engaging. Conscious of the truth of this, Henry Lindsay fearlessly defies all the champions in the land to name her equal."

On this announcement a death-like silence per-

vaded the surrounding multitude. The utmost anxiety was felt by every spectator to know whether or not the challenge so gallantly given, would be accepted,—while the brave youth, mounted on his steed, paced about in the most majestic manner. In a few moments a knight, likewise mounted on a spirited charger, and dressed in black armour, but without any insignia on his shield, entered the lists and commanded the herald to proclaim aloud—"An unknown chieftain, but one whose rank is not inferior to that of any individual present, advances, not for the purpose of questioning the charms of Albertina, but with a determination to inflict merited chastisement on him who has the presumption to offer himself as her champion: he is utterly unworthy of so high an honour."

This announcement was a sufficient signal for the commencement of the combat. The piercing glance which the fiery eyes of the hostile parties instantly darted at each other, bespoke the supreme indignation and daring bravery with which the bosom of either combatant was actuated; but still Henry Lindsay was entirely ignorant of the character of his antagonist,—as the visor of the latter completely covered his face. Both parties spurred on their rampant steeds. They met; and each thrust his spear with mortal intent at the body of his opponent, but without effect. A desperate conflict ensued; and for some time victory seemed to incline in favour of the masked knight; but Henry Lindsay, with admirable presence of mind, suddenly checked the impetuosity of his horse—drew him back a few yards—and then, by an application of his spurs to the animal's sides, made him spring forward; while the brave rider, thrusting his spear at his opponent, infixed it in his arm, and brought him to the ground. The gallant youth instantly alighted,

and raised his prostrate foe. He lifted the visor from his face, at the same time uttering an exclamation of the utmost astonishment: his opponent was none other than his own chieftain—the lord of Innes Castle!

It is one of the essential attributes of love, that it is "jealous as the grave." Innes had cherished the suspicion that, amidst the festivities and rejoicings attendant on the celebration of his birth-day, some one might avow himself the champion of Albertina, and thus make an impression on her young and susceptible heart that might for ever exclude him from even a share of it; while he aspired at its entire possession. It was with a view to satisfy himself on this point—to him the most momentous one on earth—that he had suddenly quitted the Scottish court, and appeared on his own estates, clad in disguised armour. Had no one avowed himself the champion of Albertina, the young chieftain would have returned to Edinburgh immediately on the breaking up of the vast assemblage met to celebrate his birth-day anniversary, without any of his relations or vassals being aware of his presence on the occasion.

On perceiving that he was recognised by the whole company, and that, too, under the mortifying character of a vanquished combatant, his countenance betrayed the direst rage. He remounted his horse, and suddenly rode off the field.

The spectators, on discovering that the foe of the brave young Lindsay was the chieftain of Innes Castle, felt apprehensive that the former would have cause deeply to rue the gallant conduct he had that day displayed. But there was *one* present who felt a peculiar interest in the result of the combat; Albertina was there. The passionate attachment which Henry cherished towards her, she returned with

corresponding warmth and sincerity. When Albertina saw her lover lay his antagonist prostrate on the ground, her gentle bosom felt a thrill of indescribable joy ; but that exultation was only of temporary duration ; it was soon converted, by the discovery of his foe, into a feeling of deep alarm.

She feared that the indignant and deeply-mortified chieftain would, agreeably to the barbarous custom of the times, have recourse to the summary process of severing Lindsay's head from his body, as the price of the gallant conduct he had just displayed.

The mind of Albertina was also agitated by considerations which yet more nearly concerned herself. What inducement could the young chieftain have thus to endanger his life solely on *her* account? —was a question which suggested itself to her mind, notwithstanding the confusion and alarm under which it laboured. While she ruminated for a few moments on the circumstances of Innes thus hazarding his life—and his reputation too—for her sake, she recalled to her recollection several circumstances connected with his former conduct to her, which, though she never viewed them in the same light before, now served, in conjunction with what she had that day witnessed, to convince her that she had to some extent obtained a place in his affections. This conviction was a most painful, a most appalling one. She had already pledged her acceptance of the hand of Henry Lindsay—the marriage day was appointed—preparations for their union together were already all but completed—and she felt fearfully apprehensive, that the proud chieftain, if he should prove sufficiently clement to spare the life of his victorious foe, would at all events wreak his vengeance on him by prohibiting the celebration of the nuptials.

Henry Lindsay, though he had no cause to re-

proach himself, either for his conduct that day, or for his attachment to her on whose account he had entered the lists, was nevertheless uneasy at the circumstance of having fought with his chieftain,—especially when he reflected on the probable consequences of his gallantry. Agreeably to the feudal consuetudes, the chieftain claimed the right and possessed the power, to confiscate any retainer's estate who presumed to marry in opposition to his pleasure; and that power, Lindsay felt persuaded, would be exercised in his case. Notwithstanding, so devoted, so enthusiastic was his attachment to Albertina, that it completely triumphed over every consideration of a personal nature; and he urged her to consent to an immediate union, whatever might be the consequences. But Albertina's prudence was almost commensurate with her love for Lindsay. She succeeded in persuading him to remain as they were, until fortune should prove so propitious to them as that they might marry without the almost certain prospect before them, of extreme poverty, and all the ills which usually follow in its train.

Innes in the meantime was utterly wretched. His mind was torn by contending passions. His love for Albertina, so far from diminishing by recent events, seemed rather to increase from the consciousness of having a powerful rival to contend with,—while the wound his vanity had received from the circumstance of fighting *for* and fighting *with* his own vassal, preyed on his mind with a force which defies description, and fired him with a determination to be revenged on his late victorious foe, in some shape or other.

It is unnecessary to remark, that at the close of the combat between Innes and Henry Lindsay, the festivities of the day were concluded, and the vast

assemblage broken up. Albertina, with the rest of the chieftain's superior vassals, returned to the castle, while Lindsay prudently repaired for a time to his own estate, where he principally amused himself by hunting.

One day while engaged in the sports of the field, a messenger advanced to him in breathless haste, and delivered to him a letter, on the back of which were inscribed the words, "With extreme despatch." Lindsay suddenly broke open the letter: it was from Albertina. It mentioned that Innis had that day made an attempt on her virtue—that she had succeeded with difficulty in repelling the chieftain, but that she dreaded a renewal of the attempt, and concluded by imploring Lindsay to come to her rescue from the castle, with all possible haste, as under existing circumstances she could not, by any effort she could make, effect her escape.

What was to be done? In desperate emergencies men have often recourse to desperate measures, and occasionally evince an ingenuity of mind of which, in their cooler moments, they would be quite incapable. The recollection darted across Lindsay's mind, that a deadly animosity had long subsisted between Innes and a neighbouring chieftain of another clan. To that chieftain's mansion he instantly fled—stated, as explicitly as the violent indignation which burned in his breast would permit, the circumstances of the case—and most pressingly solicited his immediate aid. Delighted at the fact of so serious a difference having arisen between his formidable foe and one of the most influential of his vassals, and anxious that that difference should be both widened and prolonged, the rival chieftain instantly consented to afford Lindsay all the assistance in his power. With a promptitude almost incredible, he mustered his clan—placed Lindsay

at their head—and strictly enjoined them to consider him for that day their leader, as he himself, in consequence of a wound he had recently received in single conflict, was unable to lead them on to battle, victory, and glory.

With a body of men, numerous, powerful, and brave, Henry Lindsay fearlessly advanced to his chieftain's castle,—resolutely determined either to rescue Albertina or to perish in the attempt. He approached; and, to his utter surprise, met with no resistance on entering the gates which led to the lordly mansion. With a select party of followers —the rest being stationed in front of the castle— Lindsay entered the princely edifice, and proceeded directly to the apartment in which Albertina was wont to reside. He found her there, in the company of the wives and daughters of others of Innes' superior vassals. He rushed to her—embraced her —seized her in his arms—carried her to the outside, and then placed her on a charger he had provided for that purpose.

While all this was going on, no resistance was offered to the gallant Lindsay; nor were Innes or any of his superior male retainers to be seen. Lindsay was greatly surprised at this; and when the whole party had got a little distance without the gates of the castle, he inquired of Albertina the cause of so singular a circumstance. She informed him, that about two hours previously the whole of the effective portion of the clan had been summoned to arms by their chieftain, and that in a few moments they had left the castle on some warlike errand with which she was unacquainted.

The evening was by this time far advanced: the sun had an hour before gently descended into the western horizon, and was succeeded in his office of giving light to the world by the "queen of hea-

ven." The latter shone brightly; and by the propitious light she emitted, Lindsay and Albertina, and their party, directed their course to the estate of the former. All at once, on making a turn of the road, the clashing of arms was distinctly heard, and two parties apparently engaged in battle, were visibly seen in the distance.

"Halt!" cried Lindsay, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by the whole party.

A pause immediately ensued. Lindsay listened for a moment, and recognised the voice of Innes urging on his men to deeds of valour.

"He is my chieftain still! and the honour of the clan is at stake!" exclaimed the brave Lindsay.

So saying, he entrusted the care of Albertina to those who surrounded her—enjoined them not to move from the spot on which they then stood, until he should return—and then hurried to the scene of conflict.

He arrived, and found Innes and his followers the weakest party. He rushed into the hottest part of the battle where his chieftain was fighting, almost exhausted. Lindsay fought with more than human bravery,—slaying the enemy in every direction. The leader of the opposing party at last drew his sword, and aimed a blow at the head of Innes, which, but for the opportune interposition of Lindsay, would have severed it in two. Lindsay having parried the thrust made at the life of his chieftain, plunged his sword into the heart of that chieftain's opponent. The latter fell to the ground—his sword dropped from his hand—and, after imprecating eternal curses on the head of Innes, he heaved a deep groan and expired.

The name of the slain warrior was Monteith. His father had died some months before. The lat-

ter had cherished a mortal hatred to Innes; and the last words he uttered were a solemn injunction to his son, that he should "avenge him of his adversary." The son had given his expiring parent a pledge that his dying exhortation should be scrupulously obeyed; and it was to fulfil this pledge that he had that day challenged Innes to battle.

On perceiving that their leader had been killed, the adherents of Monteith fled with the utmost haste. Innes had by this time turned round to learn whom his deliverer was: and to his great astonishment beheld Henry Lindsay. At first the chieftain was so overpowered with the discovery, as to be unable to utter a word; but after the lapse of some moments, he partially recovered himself, and grasping his preserver cordially by the hand, "Lindsay!" said he, "you are not less generous than brave! You have saved my life at the imminent hazard of your own! I have not merited such interposition at your hands; but hereafter I shall prove myself worthy of it."

He paused for a few moments, and then resumed —"But what fortunate circumstance, Lindsay, has brought you here at this moment? And who are those on yonder eminence?" pointing to the party entrusted with the protection of Albertina.

Lindsay hesitated for a moment to answer the interrogatory.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Innes, suddenly breaking the temporary silence that prevailed, "Heavens! Albertina is there."

"She is," replied Lindsay in a loud and firm tone, at the same time assuming an attitude which bespoke a resolute determination to resist, if resistance should become necessary. "She is, and Albertina shall be mine. Dare not to lay hands on her; or I swear by that moon and those stars,"

pointing to the firmament, "that your life shall be the price of your temerity,"

"Lindsay," replied the chieftain, in a tone in which the sorrowful and the dignified were strikingly blended, "Lindsay, you have saved my life: I heartily thank you for it; but to yield up Albertina is too great a return for such a service, valuable as it is. Yet, brave and generous young man, I shall be willing to submit to *her* decision. Let her say whether she prefers for her husband, Innes or Lindsay, and however agonizing to my feelings her award may prove, I pledge my honour to abide by it."

Conscious of the warmth and constancy of Albertina's attachment to him, Lindsay instantly consented to his chieftain's proposal, and both advanced to the disputed fair to hear her decision. During the short absence of Lindsay, her gentle breast had been agitated by a thousand fears for his personal safety; and when she beheld Innes and him approaching together, her beautiful dark-blue eyes were almost bereft of the power of vision, and her agitation was so great as to render the assistance of two of the party necessary to support her. But when Lindsay arrived, and assured her that both she and himself were entirely free from danger, she recovered her usual presence of mind. Lindsay then mentioned in the hearing of the company the engagement into which he and Innes had voluntarily entered. Each then extended his right hand, Lindsay exclaiming aloud,—"Albertina! whose hand do you now accept for life—Innes' or mine?"

Albertina instantly advanced and gently placed her hand in that of Lindsay amid the deafening acclamations of the spectators.

"May you both enjoy the greatest possible

felicity this world can afford. You are worthy of each other! So much bravery and generosity deserve such rare virtue and beauty. The struggle is agonizing, but I have overcome myself,"—added Innes, evidently labouring under the most painful feelings, while he witnessed Albertina's acceptance of the hand of Lindsay. "Return with me," he continued, "to the castle, and henceforth consider it your home."

The lovers did return with their chieftain to his princely dome—were married in his presence on the following day—and afterwards lived most happily together till an advanced age. Innes invariably, from the time of their marriage, paid them the most marked attention; and, in return, the gallant Henry Lindsay performed many important services for his chieftain.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

I was introduced to Sir Walter Scott in 1821. The introduction took place in the house of Mr. D——. Sir Walter was then on one of his visits to the metropolis. Mr. D—— had asked a party of literary gentlemen to meet Sir Walter at dinner, several of whom, like myself, had never seen him before, though they were among the most ardent of his admirers. I never was a physiognomist. Had I been so at this time, the known highly intellectual character of Sir Walter, contrasted with the expression of his countenance, would at once have shaken my faith in the system, if indeed it had not made me formally renounce it. His face had a remarkably dull

* It may be proper to mention that this paper consists of the "Recollections" of two friends of Sir Walter Scott, but that for the sake of greater convenience they are given as the "Recollections" of one. In the first place they were communicated to the author orally; in the second in manuscript; but in both instances they required not only to be re-arranged, but to be entirely re-constructed on account of the style. In short the facts were furnished the author by others, but the manner of relating them is altogether his own. The author is not aware of any of the facts having before been published.

appearance, something, in fact, which was calculated to make any person who was a stranger to his intellectual character associate with it the attribute of stupidity. This I know has repeatedly been done where persons have met with Sir Walter without knowing who or what he was. A few minutes conversation with him, however, was generally found sufficient to rectify the erroneous impression. He had great conversational powers. Perhaps, with the exception of Coleridge, and two or three others, none of his contemporaries excelled him in this respect. His matter was almost invariably racy—his manner pre-eminently pleasing. On the evening in question we sat for at least six hours, during which time the conversation scarcely flagged for a moment. Sir Walter in this, as in almost every other similar case, had a comparative monopoly of the talk. Not, certainly, that he wished to engross the right of speaking to himself, but because we were all so fascinated with what fell from his lips as to forget what, at other times some of us, perhaps, are too apt to remember, namely, that we have, or imagine we have, "most sweet voices of our own." The topics introduced into the conversation in the course of the evening, were exceedingly varied, and Sir Walter seemed agreeably at home on them all. Scottish poetry—modern literature in general—the difficulties with which genius has often to struggle, and which in many instances prove more than a match for it—the king's* visit to Hanover, and his promised visit to Scotland, &c., were subjects which were all introduced and discussed at some length. Sir Walter was, per-

* George the Fourth, whom Sir Walter as much admired for the elegance of his manners, as he respected him on account of his high station.

haps, one of the greatest admirers of kings that ever lived. Indeed, I doubt not that he went fully into the "right divine" notion. Still his attachment to his country occasionally got the better of his loyalty. He seemed to think that George the Fourth had sinned against kingly propriety, if not against morals, in giving the preference to his Hanoverian subjects, by visiting his German dominions before he had seen "his kingdom of Scotland." Though Sir Walter Scott did not choose, in so far as words went, to be very severe on his royal patron for what he conceived to be a slight to Scotland, yet it was clear to all present that he felt very sore on the subject. There was something very peculiar and expressive in his tone and manner when he observed, "He might as well have come to Scotland first; his loving and loyal subjects on our side of the Tweed will be grievously disappointed when they hear of his going to Hanover before visiting them."

Of the many brilliant things to which he gave expression on the evening in question, I unfortunately did not take any note on my return home; and, consequently, though, recollecting the general tenor of his conversation, am unable to give anything like his words; and without these his sentiments would lose half their charm. It was two years after this before I met him again. That was in Scotland, where I had occasion to be for a short period at the time. He had exacted from me a positive promise on the evening of our first meeting, that if ever I crossed the Tweed, I should make it one of the first things I should do, to visit Abbotsford. I had seen too much of the world not to have known, that invitations of this kind were often given when the person giving them never meant or wished they should be accepted; but there was the appearance of so much earnestness and sincerity in

Scott's invitation, that I at once not only promised I would gladly avail myself of it—promises, in many instances, are only so many words of course —but at once made up my mind that I would visit Abbotsford, whenever circumstances should admit of my enjoying the gratification. I reached the modern Athens in the evening, and started next morning for Abbotsford. On approaching the plantation in front of the mansion, I observed Sir Walter moving about at a slow pace among the trees. He was very carelessly dressed, and had, altogether, what is called a "countryfied" appearance. In his right hand he carried a small hand-saw, with which he had evidently been lopping off the branches, where they appeared too prominent, from the young trees.

I was within twenty yards of him when he first saw me. He recognised me at once. "Ou, Mr. ———! Fou's a' wi' you! I am truly glad to see ye at Abbotsford," was the salutation with which he greeted me. As he gave utterance to these words, he advanced hastily, and, placing his saw under his left arm, extended to me his right hand. "I hae just been amusing myself here with these little sticks," (pointing to the young trees,) said he, after making the usual inquiries about my own health and about that of several of our intimate acquaintances in the metropolis. I paid him some merited compliments on the beauty of the plantations, with which he seemed highly gratified. In fact he was always much more delighted with the commendation of the taste he displayed in laying out his grounds at Abbotsford, than with the universal and deserved admiration which was expressed of his literary works.

After being shown the grounds around Abbotsford, I was conducted to the house; where, as a

matter of course, I was introduced to Lady and Miss Scott. With the appearance of Lady Scott I was much struck. Though diminutive in stature, her person possessed much symmetry, which, added to handsome features and a profusion of ringlets of the most beautiful jet-black I ever saw clustering about her neck, made her, what the late James Hogg somewhere calls her, "a bewitching creature." She was remarkably kind and affable in her manners. She seemed particularly anxious, as indeed did Miss Scott also, that I should enjoy myself. She had much of the manners of the French, and it would have been easy to discover from her accent, though I had not before been aware of the circumstance, that she belonged to that nation. After a half-hour's conversation with Lady Scott and her daughter, Sir Walter proposed that we should inspect the different apartments of his splendid mansion. The armoury, the library, and the study, were to me, as I doubt not they were to most other visiters, the principal objects of attraction. The armoury it were impossible to describe. The study has been described a hundred times over. The library was a spacious room. The number of books in it has been variously estimated from 20,000 to 30,000 volumes. It is unnecessary to say Sir Walter never purchased these; the greater part of them were presentation copies, either from personal friends, or from authors naturally anxious their works should meet with his approbation. Of course he had not time to read a tithe of those thus sent him. He was, too, often waited on by young authors anxious to learn his opinion of their manuscript before committing it to the press. His kindness and condescension on such occasions exceeded all praise. To the serious interruptions ofttimes of his own literary labours, he would wade through the manuscript works of those

persons, and give them such advice, in the most friendly spirit, as he thought the circumstances called for. At the very moment he was busy pointing out to me a number of literary works, with several paintings, which were his chief favourites, the servant knocked at the door, and, on being desired to "come in," intimated that a person of the name of Buchan, from the north of Scotland, was anxious to see him for a few minutes. Sir Walter desired the servant to show the individual into a certain room, and to say that he would be with him presently. Sir Walter then begged my pardon for a few minutes. He returned in about a quarter of an hour. He mentioned to me that he had just been looking over an immense collection of the traditional unpublished ballads of the north of Scotland, collected, he said, after ten years' hard unremitting labour, by an humble printer of the name of Buchan, residing in Peterhead. Sir Walter spoke in terms of warm commendation* of the enthusiasm of Mr. Buchan in collecting so many of the traditionary ballads of the olden time amid so many difficulties, not the least of which arose from his limited pecuniary means. He desired Mr. B. to call again on a

* The writer of this paper has met, by the merest accident, with Mr. Buchan since the interview in question. He then saw the collection of ballads of which Sir Walter spoke so favourably; and it certainly cannot fail to constitute an enduring memorial of the admirable taste, as well as singular industry of an individual collecting so great a number of valuable ballads, under such unfavourable circumstances. The ballads were published in 1828, in two volumes, at one guinea; but, I am sorry to say, the sale never paid the expense. Sir Walter engaged to write a lengthened notice of the work in the Quarterly Review; but his promise was never fulfilled. Most probably, amid the multiplicity of his other avocations, the subject slipped out of his recollection.

day he mentioned, when he would see what farther assistance he could render the laborious compiler of the ballads of his native district, in the way of forwarding his views of publication.

Having inspected the interior of Abbotsford, with its costly furniture and valuable curiosities, we proceeded to the outside to view the exterior of the building. It is altogether a unique superstructure. No description can give the reader any distinct conception of it. Of the pleasure grounds which next claimed our attention, I do not well know how to speak. Anything of the kind more admirably laid out, I have never seen. What consummate taste did Sir Walter here display! I saw them under particularly favourable circumstances, it being then the month of June.

The dinner hour insensibly stole upon us. Mr. James Ballantine and another gentleman from Edinburgh, of some literary distinction, were engaged to dine at Abbotsford that day. Mr. Ballantine kept his appointment; the other gentleman, owing to indisposition, did not. I never spent a happier evening in my life. Sir Walter as I afterwards learnt from Mr. Ballantine, outdid himself in the brilliancy of his conversation. What a rich store of anecdotes did he that evening prove himself to be possessed of! And with what infinite ease and zest were they, one after another, poured from his lips! One* I shall never forget. When Charles Duke of Buccleugh, was alive, he on one occasion invited a number of his personal friends and more respectable tenants to what is called a general feast.

* In a small work which the Ettrick Shepherd has published since these "Recollections" were in manuscript, Mr. Hogg has given a version of this anecdote, but it omits several of the most amusing circumstances.

The company being unusually numerous, two tables were necessary for their accommodation. The Duke himself presided at one table, and Sir Walter at the other. A splendid entertainment, in the shape of a dinner, was set before the guests, and done ample justice to by them. Wines of every variety followed in abundance, the qualities of which were sufficiently tested by all present. Toast followed toast, and song succeeded song without interruption. The company, in a word, had exceeded the happy medium of Burns' Tam O'Shanter,

"Who was not fou', but just had plenty."

They were fou', or were at least bordering on it. Morning came, but instead of parting, the Duke volunteered a song which he had engaged to give standing in a peculiar position. He insisted, before presenting the company with the vocal treat, that they should all stand precisely in the same position as himself, and cordially join in the chorus. His will of course was a law. His Grace then setting one foot on the table and the other on the chair—which singular attitude was instantly assumed by all present—commenced singing the well-known song of "Hey Johnny Cope, are ye waking yet?" The Duke got through his song, and kept his station till the end of it. Not so all his guests. Sundry of their persons were rolling on the floor before his Grace had reached the end of the first verse, and consequently were unable to join even for once in the chorus,—unless, indeed, the wild sounds they growled out as their bodies came in contact with the floor deserved that name. The bursts of laughter from most of those who retained their equilibrium a little longer than their less steady associates in the mirth and follies of the evening, while the

wights were sprawling horizontally,—were quite astounding, and completely drowned both his Grace's voice and the voices of the few who were still able to assist in the chorus. Nay, in several instances, the very violence of the laughter of the first class, soon brought them to a level with the second; so that, before the Duke got to the end of the song, he had only Sir Walter and one or two others to join him in the chorus. Most of those who had been lying horizontally, having by this time recovered their perpendicular position, Sir Alexander Ferguson, who was one of the guests, insisted they should all show their sense of the good example his Grace had given them, by an immediate imitation of it under another leader. In this last capacity, Sir Alexander volunteered his services. He mounted, putting one foot on the table and the other on the chair. The company put themselves in the same position. Sir Alexander commenced his song, but had not finished the third line when all at once one of the tables was upset, and down went men, glasses, wine, &c., in "glorious confusion." The scene on the floor which now ensued would have defied the pencil of Hogarth himself. Sir Walter declared that he never in his life laughed so immoderately.

It is nothing to read this anecdote as here related; but to have heard Sir Walter tell the story was, as the reader will readily believe, a somewhat different matter. Mr. James Ballantine, though perhaps more in Sir Walter's company than any other man, mentioned to me the next day, that he never saw the illustrious baronet enter with so much spirit or with so much zest into the narration of any story he ever heard him relate.

In the course of the evening the conversation turned on Sir Walter's latest poetical works. I was

afraid, when the subject was first broached, which it was, seemingly by accident, by Mr. Ballantine, that as these poems were so unsuccessful, and were so much ridiculed by the critical press of the day, Scott would have felt sore on it. Such was not the case. Indeed he seemed to me to enter on the subject with peculiar pleasure. The fact was that he lived and died in the firm belief that the silliest of his poetical productions was fully equal to "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and those other poems which were so favourably received by the public; and that the principal reason why they were not so successful as those just mentioned was, as he has since stated in print, that his too frequent appearance before the public as a poet had created a kind of satiety. Another cause to which he ascribed the failure of his latest poetical productions, was the circumstance of Lord Byron's reputation beginning at the time to rise very rapidly. In thus thinking as highly of his worst as of his best poetical works, Sir Walter was not singular. Thousands of authors before him have been equally at variance with the public in the estimation of their own productions. The fact that Milton clung to the belief to the last, that his "Paradise Regained" was not only equal, but superior, to his "Paradise Lost," is one memorable instance in point.

Sir Walter on this occasion, as indeed I understood from his friends he often did, referred with much seeming pleasure to the short period during which he practised as a Scottish advocate, or rather attempted to practise; for the cases with which he was entrusted were so few as to be hardly worthy the name of a business. Among those few, however, there was one of a very extraordinary kind. It was that of a clergyman of the church of Scotland, of the name of Mr. M'N. It occurred in 1793,

and created the deepest interest throughout Scotland. The case was not tried before a civil court, but before the General Assembly of the church. The charges preferred against the reverend defendant were of the gravest nature. The preamble of the libel (I was shown a copy of the report of the proceedings in the case) was in the following terms: —"The Rev. Mr. John M'N——, minister of the gospel in the parish of G——,* is hereby indited, at the instance of the elders and heads and familiars in the parish of ——, for the crimes of drunkenness, lying, cursing, swearing, blaspheming, using obscene, immodest, impious, and wicked language and expressions, of misconstruing the Holy Scriptures, and thereby burlesquing and ridiculing the same, of endeavouring to corrupt the faith of the teachers of the gospel, of profaning the Lord's day, of withdrawing and detaining the funds belonging to the poor * * deliberately violating both law and justice, being guilty of the most flagrant acts of injustice, corruption, extortion, and oppression, compounding and transacting crimes, demanding and receiving money under false pretences," &c., &c. I am sure the reader will concur with me in thinking that, if this "criminal of the cloth" had been guilty of only one-half the offences here laid to his charge, he would still have been a transgressor of no ordinary magnitude. I expressed a hope in the hearing of Sir Walter, that the clerical defendant was innocent of most, if not all the charges; but from the statements made to me I found that my charity had been misplaced. Indeed, I learnt that, with the single exception of not violating the sixth commandment, the

* I do not give the names at full length, lest by reviving the circumstances connected with the extraordinary case, I might give unnecessary pain to some of the reverend defendant's relatives, if any such there be alive.

reverend culprit had run the round of the cardinal vices. It is more than probable—though this is only conjecture, nothing having fallen from Sir Walter in the course of the evening which directly sanctions the opinion—that this clerical delinquent was afterwards chosen by the author of Waverley as the model of some of the "consummate villains" whose characters are so forcibly portrayed in several of his novels.

It is right to mention, that Sir Walter viewed with the utmost horror the conduct of his reverend client; and, though of course maintaining a prudent silence on the subject while the case was pending before the General Assembly, he never spoke of it after the decision of that venerable court, without censuring the reverend gentleman's conduct in the most unqualified terms. Sir Walter (then Mr. Scott) did, as in duty bound, everything possible to obtain an acquittal. He cited no fewer than thirty-one witnesses in his client's favour. In the peroration of his speech, which was remarkable alike for its earnestness and eloquence, he expressed a hope that the venerable court would not, by its decision, utterly and for ever ruin the character of his client, destroy his peace of mind, and reduce himself and his parents, who were entirely dependent on him for support, to beggary; but that the severe sufferings he had already undergone, would be considered some atonement for his improprieties. The court, however, very properly considering that the character of the church of Scotland and the interests of religion and morality were deeply involved in the matter, came to a unanimous decision to depose the reverend offender from his pastoral charge, and excommunicate him from a church which he had done so much to bring into discredit.

This visit to Sir Walter at Abbotsford took place

about ten years before he formally avowed himself the author of the Waverly novels. I had not, any more than the public, the shadow of a doubt for some years previously, that that extraordinary series of works owed its parentage to him. If I had entertained any doubt on the subject, it would have vanished by a mere accidental circumstance which came under my notice on this occasion. I saw several printed sheets—there were no corrections on them, so far as I could see from the rapid glance I was able to give them—of the second volume of one of his forthcoming novels, lying on the table; which, however, he hastily gathered together and placed on a shelf among a quantity of other loose sheets, as if desirous that the eye of no second party should alight upon them. I will not now be positive as to the novel; but, if I recollect rightly, it was "Anne of Geirstein." This I remember perfectly well, that the work was not published for four weeks afterwards.

I may here, by way of episode, mention that every possible precaution was taken to preserve Sir Walter's incognito, until he himself thought fit to throw it off. Mr. James Ballantine, the printer of the Scotch novels, copied the manuscript over himself, instead of hazarding the secret by committing the task to any subordinate in his establishment. And one of the sons of the late Mr. Constable, Sir Walter's publisher, mentioned to me on one occasion, that, when his father wrote to Sir Walter himself on the subject of the Waverly novels, he never spoke of them in any other terms than as "the novels," "certain popular works," or in some such indefinite phraseology. This precaution was taken lest any of Mr. Constable's letters should accidentally have fallen into the hands of a third party, and thus the secret have been discovered.

Sir Walter possessed an extraordinary memory, especially with respect to old ballads. The number of Scotch ballads he could repeat without the least hesitation, and without mistaking a word, was almost incredible. I saw enough on the evening in question to satisfy me of this; but the fact was still farther borne out by the statements of Mr. Ballantine. Indeed, there was hardly a Scotch ballad of any note that he could not repeat from beginning to end. His memory was remarkably retentive, too, with regard to all literary matters. Whatever he once read, if it deeply interested him, he never forgot in substance; and, indeed, frequently for years afterwards he recollected the very words.

One Herculanean part of the labours he performed is little known to the world, though it must not only have been irksome in itself, but consumed a great portion of his time. I refer to the fact before hinted at, that there was scarcely an hour in which some unfledged author did not send him his manuscript for the purpose of getting his opinion as to its merits; or, in which some young writer did not send him his maiden-printed production with the same view. Mr. Ballantine assured me, that in almost every instance Sir Walter paid the most respectful attention to such applications. His remarks in such cases were, as I have already mentioned, not only always full of good-nature, but were at the same time candid in the last degree. To him it was the most grateful to discover and point out excellencies, but he never shrank from specifying defects. The minuteness of his criticisms, in many instances, showed not only his candour but the remarkable care with which he had read the manuscript or printed book submitted to him. He always concluded in such cases by advising the young author, whether in embryo or already before the public, to guard against

making literature a profession, that is to say, depending for his bread on the fruits of his pen, assuring him that if he did, he would find to his cost, he was but leaning on a broken reed. He urged youthful aspirants at the glory of authorship, to pursue literature as a recreation, or as a refined source of enjoyment, rather than as a business, adding that, if it were their good fortune to rise to such eminence as would secure adequate pecuniary remuneration for their works, and thus enable them to live by their literary labours, the circumstance would be the more agreeable as it was unexpected.

Sir Walter Scott contributed much to inspire a correct literary taste in others, by his private criticisms and advice to young and old, as well as by the example of chaste and elegant composition which he set in his own works. Were it not that it would be a digression, I could mention many such instances within my own personal knowledge; but I shall only give that of my late respected friend, Mr. Thomas Atkinson, of Glasgow; a gentleman who, considering the early age at which he was snatched from his friends by the hand of death, has done more for the literature of his country than almost any other Scotchman he has left behind him. When he published his maiden production—The Sextuple Alliance, I think, was the name—he sent an early copy to Sir Walter Scott, and in a few days afterwards he received from the distinguished novelist, a letter full of the soundest criticism on his work and judicious advice as to the way in which he should pursue his future literary studies.

The commendation given in this letter, the kindly feeling it breathed while pointing out the errors the author had committed, and the suggestions it contained for the future, formed, as Mr. Atkinson always afterwards delighted to admit, the groundwork of the literary eminence which he attained.

It would extend this article to too great a length to notice the various other topics on which we conversed on this occasion. Suffice it to say that Sir Walter entered into them all with much seeming interest, and in every instance appeared quite at home on them.

Our little party broke up at a late hour, but met again at breakfast, next morning. The subjects then introduced related chiefly to matters connected with Abbotsford. In doing the honours of the table—and none could personate "mine host" better than the worthy baronet—Sir Walter remarked that he was under great obligations to his friend Mr. Hogg for several valuable hints, or rather examples, as to what constituted the component parts of a good breakfast. The breakfast struck me as much better than anything of the kind to which I was accustomed in England. I made an observation to that effect. "Ye're nae far wrang," answered Sir Walter; "but ye have Jamie Hogg, and nae me nor Lady Scott, to thank for it." He then mentioned that some considerable time previously he and Sir A. Fergusson had breakfasted with the Ettrick Shepherd, when there were laid before them ample supplies of broiled salmon, broiled ham and mutton, in addition to the usual fare of tea, eggs, bread and butter, &c. "Before that time," said Sir Walter, "I had just the plain tea, roll, and egg, and nothing more, to breakfast." On the table before us, in addition to these, were reindeer-tongue, ham, and corned beef; to do justice to all of which we were well pressed, both by precept and example.

I was strongly urged to prolong my visit for at least a few days; but, being limited as to time on that side of the Tweed, I was unable to accept the invitation, which, under other circumstances, I

should have had infinite pleasure in doing. After a second survey of the exterior of the mansion-house and the adjoining pleasure-grounds, I parted with my venerated and kind-hearted host. Mr. Ballantine and I proceeded to Edinburgh together.

How altered the circumstances under which I again saw Sir Walter! This was in London, two days before his leaving it for Portsmouth on his Italian voyage. He was then pale and emaciated. His eyes were sunken, and his countenance had a peculiar air of melancholy about it. He seemed as kind-hearted as ever, but evinced an indisposition to general conversation. I saw this, and so did those who were present; and consequently we made no effort to draw him into conversation, but rather studied to avoid it. It was in the evening, and, during the time we were together, one of the newspapers came in. He inquired the news; and was answered that the paper was chiefly filled with matter relative to the Reform Bill. His countenance, as the last two words were uttered, instantly assumed a more animated aspect, and he energetically exclaimed, "That bill will yet be the ruin of the country!" One of the gentlemen present expressed a hope, that the measure would not be so injurious to the national interests as many well-meaning people apprehended; on which Sir Walter, with increased warmth, observed, "It will, take my word for it, more than realize our worst fears!"

We at once saw that, in the then bad state of his health, it would have been improper to have made any new observations having a tendency to keep up the excitement under which he laboured, and accordingly one of the company contrived to introduce some new topic.

Sir Walter was as sincerely and strongly at-

tached to his political opinions as any man I ever saw in my life. He said himself more than once, publicly as well as privately, that he was ready, if necessary, to shed his blood for his political principles. I verily believe he would, had the sacrifice been called for, have submitted to martyrdom, rather than renounce them. The ascendancy of opposite principles in the councils of the nation, since the expulsion of the Duke of Wellington from office, did, in the opinion of those who knew him best, so seriously affect his mind as to accelerate, to say the least of it, his death.

OLD MAIDS—BACHELORS—MARRIAGE.

THERE are two classes of human beings at whose expense the remainder of the world are much disposed to be marvellously merry: we mean bachelors and old maids. With the first class we have no fellow-feeling. We delight in seeing them held up to the merited scorn of the world; and have ourselves once and again assisted in the praiseworthy work of so exhibiting them. One of the articles of our creed is, that all bachelors who cannot render an admissible reason for dragging out their existence "alone," in opposition to the injunctions of revelation and the dictates of nature, ought to be abandoned by married people as persons with whom it were a crime to hold companionship.

Our sentiments touching old maids are of a different complexion. Our hypothesis for a long time past—indeed, ever since our reasoning faculties reached their maturity—has been, that in the infinite majority of cases, an old maid is an object of commiseration rather than of blame. If men are bachelors it is by choice, not by any necessity imposed upon them. With the sex the case is the reverse. In almost every instance a single life is with them matter of unavoidable necessity.

There is danger of our being misunderstood here. We have too many acquaintances in the garret—in fact, we are not certain whether, owing to

circumstances, a majority of them be not in that section of the house—not to be aware that the far greater proportion of these antiquated virgins might have been married if they chose. She must be a rare mortal who has never had the offer of a husband, good, bad, or indifferent. When we speak of an old maid's being an old maid by necessity, our meaning is, that she never had the good fortune of having a tender made to her of the hand of him she loved. And here lies the difference between her and those animals ycleped bachelors; they, in many instances, never loved at all, never besieged the heart or sought the hand of the fair; but she invariably loves, and dare not, unless she would be considered a transgressor of all the approved rules and regulations of the world in such matters, disclose her regards even to the beloved object himself; far less make any proposals of marriage to him. Now, it were assuredly the essence of injustice to blame a woman for not marrying a man for whom she never felt an iota of affection, though he proposes wedlock to her. Her rejection of his overtures is, on the contrary, in our apprehension, meritorious beyond all computation.

We wish we could correct the errors of the world on this point. Were there such a thing in this age of societies, as an association for the purpose of propagating orthodox notions on the subject of old-maidship, we would willingly engage to compass sea and land—to traverse every point of the terraqueous globe in the character of one of its missionaries, to assist in the noble work.

Most strenuously do we maintain that antiquated virgins are in general more to be pitied than blamed for remaining in a single state. And yet they are frowned upon and trodden under-foot by all classes of their fellow-beings. Place us in a

mixed company of females where all are perfect strangers to us; and we will tell you how many old maids there are in it, and single their ladyships out to you, simply by observing the demeanour of the rest of the party towards them: so marked is the coldness of manner with which the world has been taught to regard these members of society. Hence we can easily account for that peevishness of temper which is the almost invariable appurtenance of old-maidship.

It will perhaps be inquired, how does it consist with our hypothesis, that almost every woman has, at one time or other of her life, had an offer of marriage, when there are so many bachelors who have never paid their addresses to any of the sex, and when it is an incontrovertible fact in the science of population, that the women are considerably more numerous than the men. We account for it after this fashion,—to wit, that though in civilized countries the practice of polygamy is prohibited by law, and that consequently a man can only have one wife at a time, every man has not been sufficiently fortunate to get the object of his first love. We have made a calculation as to the number of our wedded acquaintances with whose history we are more intimately conversant, who have not succeeded in procuring the first young lady's hand they solicited, and find, that out of every seven suitors, two have been unsuccessful, and been under the necessity of either rusticating in a state of misnamed single blessedness, or making a tender application to a second, if not to a third or fourth party. Nay, we have known some poor fellows, who have been doomed to endure the mortification of six or seven rejections in as many quarters, and yet succeeded in "joining hands" with a spouse of invaluable worth at the end of the chapter. We mention the latter

fact for the encouragement of those of weak nerves, who may be apt to sink under a succession of the shocks consequent on such refusals.

But in the midst of our vindication of old maids, we are obliged in candour to admit, that many of them have rejected most valuable offers. Women are too much—more so than men—the creatures of passion. In affairs of the heart, and in matters of matrimony, reason, in most cases, is held in abeyance. If there be not an undefined something about the candidate for a woman's hand which completely rivets her affections, his addresses are, in most cases, rejected; while the fact may have been, that he possessed all the qualities necessary to constitute a good husband. We know the sentiment will be questioned by some; but we are not on that account less satisfied of its truth—that wherever a woman recognises certain good qualities of temper and conduct in the person who pays his addresses to her, she should accept his hand, even although at the time she feel no peculiar affection for him; for such qualities cannot fail ultimately to render him the object of her regards, and secure the happiness of both; while, on the other hand, there is little chance of felicity in the married state to the women who accepts the hand of her lover, without being able to specify one quality of mind or conduct in him, as having been the means of attracting her regards.

It is not, indeed, to be denied, that the same qualities in a husband that would make one wife happy, would not insure the happiness of another. There are great diversities of temperament in the female world. A woman, for example, who is constitutionally of a gay and sprightly disposition, fond of company, and of jaunting about, errs most egregiously if she calculate on matrimonial bliss from a union with one who is, "habit and repute," of a

melancholy staid temperament, and who abhors promiscuous society. The most exceptionable criterion we know of by which a woman should regulate her choice, would, in the first instance, be, to learn as much as possible of the peculiar prejudices, predilections, habits, and so forth, of the person who solicits her hand, and then accept or reject the proffer, just as she finds these correspond, or not correspond, with her own.

Although no rules can be laid down which, in the important matter of forming a matrimonial connection, are of universal application, such rules may be adduced as will suit the majority of cases. The following are the positive and negative qualifications which a lady, some time ago deceased, considered indispensable in the person who solicited her hand, previously to accepting his offer. The unmarried portion of our female readers can individually adopt as *sine qua nons*, as many of them as are suited to their respective notions on the subject; and regulate their decision accordingly in every after case of proposed marriage :—

"Great piety, good sense, and good-nature.

"He must look like a gentleman, and behave like one. He must have a fresh complexion, and be rather tall; short by no means whatever; middle-sized, passable.

"With respect to fortune, he must be rich, very rich if possible; poor by no means, *in spirit*.

"A decent share of love, just tinctured with a little jealousy, sufficient to make the wife believe he sets some value upon her—but no suspicion; no suspicion, I say again and again, of any kind whatever, nor upon any provocation whatever.

"Well, but not critically, skilled in the ways of women.

"In spelling very correct, that he may be the better able to instruct me, if I should want it.

"In some parts of arithmetic very able; especially addition and multiplication, but no skill in division or subtraction.

"He must be able to play tolerably well on the fiddle, and have more than a tolerable share of patience; in short, he must be willing to play as long as I think proper to dance; but no particular intimacy with Italian scrapers or singers, especially women.

"Skilful in the use of the sword, but not of a quarrelsome temper.

"Ready to accept a challenge, but backward to give one.

"No enemy to wit and humour.

"Not always good-natured abroad, and ill-natured at home.

"More skilful in the theoretic, than in the practical part of wife-governing.

"To wine and snuff no objection, but no chewing of tobacco, or smoking, at any rate.

"No enthusiasm for whist, and no gambler or drunkard.

"Fonder much of staying at home than of going abroad.

"A thorough knowledge of his own failings, and a willingness to acknowledge them; but no particular or minute acquaintance with mine.

"Generous, but not extravagant.

"An admirer of the fine arts, but not too profuse in the purchase of pictures, &c.

"A lover of poetry, both ancient and modern; and capable of relishing the beauties of each.

"As much learning, Greek and Latin, as he pleases; but not to think me his inferior because I have no knowledge of dead languages.

"Not to deny me a coach if he can afford it, or allow one if he can't.

"In conversation affable and entertaining; willing to hear (me) as we speak—just to all the world, and affectionate to me."

The above is a catalogue of the qualifications which the lady referred to considered absolutely necessary in the person who should propose to conduct her to the hymeneal altar, prior to her compliance with his wishes. But in the plenitude of our regards for the fairest of creation's works, and our anxiety to promote their bliss, we must not altogether forget single gentlemen; and therefore, we shall conclude this "speculation," as an essay writer of the early part of the last century would have said, by a few rules and regulations which may be of use to the majority of them, when contemplating an entrance into the matrimonial state. The subjoined were recently drawn up by a young gentleman, as qualities which he deemed necessary in the lady he should make his wife:—

"Great good-nature, and a prudent generosity.

"A lively look, a proper spirit, and a cheerful disposition.

"A good person, but not perfectly beautiful.

"Of moderate height.

"With regard to complexion, not quite fair, but a little brown.

"Young by all means, though there are exceptions.

"A decent share of common sense, just tinctured with a little seasonable repartee, and a small modicum of wit; some learning, enough to make leisure hours agreeable, but not to interrupt domestic duties.

"Well, but not critically, skilled in her own tongue.

"No deficiency in spelling or pointing, and a good legible hand.

"A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic, but no skill in *vulgar fractions*.

"A more than tolerably good voice, and a little ear for music; and a capability for singing a *canzonet*, or a song, in company, but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with minims, crotchets, quavers, &c.

"No enthusiasm for the harpsichord, harp, or guitar.

"Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than fine.

"No enemy to knitting or mending.

"Not always in the parlour, but sometimes in the kitchen.

"More skilled in the theoretic, than in the practical part of cookery.

"To tea and coffee no objection.

"Fonder of country-dances than minuets.

"An acquaintance with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.

"Not entirely fond of quadrille, nor an absolute bigot to whist.

"In conversation, a little of the lisp, but not of the stammer.

"Decently, but not affectedly silent."

SCHOOLBOY REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many severe beatings I received at the hands of my pedagogue, for being "slow of understanding," and the frequency and fluency with which he applied to me the epithets, "dunce," "numskull," "blockhead," &c., &c., there is no period of my past life, long and chequered as it is, on which I look back with such feelings of regret, as on the days I spent at our village-school. The cares and anxieties of life had not then had a moment's habitation in my breast. I was well fed and substantially clothed; and, in so far as the world was concerned, I sought nothing more. I was, too, like a little monarch among my schoolfellows: in all our games and amusements my will was a law, and, whenever a dispute or altercation occurred among the little urchins, I was immediately appealed to, and in every instance my decision, right or wrong, was acquiesced in.

I do not know whether or not it is to be attributed to the deference always paid to me by my schoolfellows, but the fact is not to be concealed, that I am at my present advanced stage of life extremely susceptible of violent irritation, when

any one dissents from my opinions, or in the slightest degree attempts to thwart my wishes. Those who are desirous of obtaining farther information on this point are respectfully referred to my wife —my four grown-up children—or three servants; but more especially to the first-mentioned personage. She, poor woman! will, I am sure, speak very *feelingly* on the subject; for when I am lecturing her—which I do with a reasonable frequency —about any little or imaginary failing of hers, I am exceedingly apt, and with great shame and grief do I confess it, to suit the action to the word.

Our schoolmaster was a worthy, well meaning man, but an individual of great eccentricities. His methods of punishing us for the transgressions we committed in school, were always original and often ludicrous. Wofully as he complained of, and abused me for, my obtuseness of intellect, I was nevertheless the greatest favourite, with one exception, he had in the school ; and, consequently, when equally faulty with others, I have frequently escaped with comparatively trifling punishment. The secret of this favouriteship lay in some little services I was in the habit of rendering him. He was poor, extremely poor; as very many parish pedagogues are. A circumstance, too, which contributed greatly to keep the man in an impoverished condition, was the great difficulty he felt in "getting in" the fees of his pupils. Being one day peculiarly straitened for want of the "wherewith" he sent me out with a few accounts to characters he considered almost, if not altogether "desperate." To his agreeable surprise, I was successful in every instance, save one. I returned home with thirty-five shillings, no small sum to a Dominie—and, conscious of the merit I could claim in the matter, exultingly placed the whole of it in my master's hand. On handing so much of the cir-

culating medium, I observed the worthy man's countenance become suddenly flushed with joy. My success in the character of a traveller for the Dominie, was owing to the unblushing importunacy with which I demanded payment of the accounts I presented to his "customers." It was no use to tell me they had no money in the house—that they would send it to-morrow, the usual pay-day of wretched creditors—or that they would speak to the "gudeman"* when he came home. No refusal would do with me. There I stood, or more frequently sat, firm as a rock, determined not to move until I got the half-crown, three shillings, or whatever was the sum due. Much abuse was heaped on me for what the unworthy debtors of the Dominie had the audacity to call my "impudence;" but it all fell perfectly innoxious: I wish I cared as little for it now. To speak the truth, being much better versed in the abusive dialect in those days than I can pretend to be at present, I returned them "ill crack" with double interest. In fact, it was to get rid of my "ill tongue," as they phrased it, that they at last managed in some way or other to raise the wherewithal. My "craving" acquirements being thus accidentally developed, they were not suffered to lie dormant, but were frequently put in requisition; and a consciousness of the obligations under which the Dominie lay to me in this respect, was, as already hinted, the great secret of my being a favourite with him. I have said there was, however, one still greater favourite than myself: he was the only son of a neighbouring rich laird, who often filled the pedagogue's belly when assailed by hunger, with a substantial dinner.

* It may be necessary to state that the scene of these reminiscences lies in the north of Scotland.

It has just been mentioned, that, in my first excursion for the Dominie, I was unsuccessful in one instance. That was in the case of a cobler's wife, the disciple of St. Crispin himself not being at home at the time. Mrs. Crispin was a second Xantippe. Immediately on my entering her domicile, and stating the nature of my errand, she saluted me with the injunction—"Go out of my house, you little vagabond, and tell your master he'll get his money when *I* get it." I was not over prompt in obeying her command; but insisted on having the money with me, and told her that out of the house I would not go until I got it: upon which she seized a pail of water which was lying on the floor, and dashed the whole contents thereof on my person. I confess I did desist for once; but in the violence of my rage and mortification, I broke with stones, from the outside, every window in the house, which, I ought to mention, consisted only of two, and in each window there were only two entire panes of glass: the rest had previously been demolished by herself, in one of those paroxysms of indignation at her unfortunate spouse, to which she was in the habit of abandoning herself. But I was not satisfied with the partial retaliation I took in the breaking of the windows; I still determined to have a little more "sweet revenge;" and waiting until it became dark—it was on a winter's night—I in the first instance firmly fastened the door outside, without its being known either by the cobler, who had by this time come home, or by his lady. This accomplished, I ascended the "rigging" of the house, and, by means of two large pieces of turf I had provided for the special purpose, covered up the chimney, so as effectually to prevent any of the smoke escaping. A large peat fire was at this time burning on the hearth; and in an instant the whole house was full of, or, chemically

speaking, impregnated with smoke. "May a' that's good be about's, Jannet! Fat's this o't!" exclaimed the worthy old son of St. Crispin, as he thus saw himself and his spouse in a moment enveloped in a dense cloud of "peat reek." Janet, without condescending to return an answer, bounded to the door in an instant. "Surely this is the work of Satan!" exclaimed she, as she pulled and more than pulled at the door without effect. "Get the bullas, (axe) here this moment, will ye, man!" continued the antiquated matron, in accents which denoted that she was already half-suffocated. The cobler groped through the house for some time seeking the axe without success; but at length he stumbled on it; and, driven to desperation by the dense volumes of smoke with which he was surrounded, he broke open the door by means of a few strokes of that implement, and thus saved himself and spouse from death by suffocation. It is not, however, yet known that I was the guilty party in the affair.

It has been already remarked, that our village schoolmaster was very original in his modes of chastising his pupils. It was customary for us, namely the pupils, for a long time, on leaving the school in the afternoon, to form ourselves into what we were pleased to call a regiment of soldiers. I was very often the commanding officer on these occasions. The only substitute we had for a drum, was an old pail or broken kettle, and instead of fifes, a few of the best whistlers used their mouths. Seven of us were one day talking together in the school about our little army, its state of discipline, deserters, &c., when we were accidentally overheard by the Dominie. We were all forthwith "called up," and ordered to give him an idea of our military tactics, martial acquirements, &c. He inquired which of us was general in ordinary cases.

On hearing the question put I was dreadfully alarmed, lest I should on this occasion be deprived of my rank, and be reduced to a level with the privates. One of the little fellows answered that I was their stated general; and to my indescribable satisfaction, the pedagogue requested me to show him how I could acquit myself in that dignified capacity. I immediately commanded my *men* to fall into their ranks—gave one of them, by the Dominie's orders, the poker and tongs, in the absence of any better musical instruments—instructed other two to whistle as they were wont to do—and placed in the hands of each of the remaining three, long poles which were accidentally lying in the school to supply the place of fire-arms. I then gave the word of command, in my usually authoritative tone, to "march one *man deep*." The little heroes instantly moved up and down the school. The one with the tongs and poker played his part to admiration, making a prodigious noise with these familiar fire-side implements, and the three "single men" shouldered their muskets (poles); but the two whistlers could not be prevailed on to do their duty by any threats which I, backed by the Dominie, could use for the purpose. The truth was, that the whole school resounded with laughter, and, as they joined in the merriment, it was too much to expect that they could both whistle and laugh at once. I forgot to mention one circumstance which contributed greatly to the ludicrousness of the scene. The Dominie having asked me whether it was customary to distinguish the drummer from the rest of the soldiers by any difference of dress, I answered in the affirmative; upon which he immediately ordered me, before we commenced our march, to place on the drummer's head a little green bag which covered a globe he kept for the use of those

of his pupils who studied geography. I instantly complied with his request; and the poor drummer looked amazingly comical, bringing to the minds of the delighted spectators the idea of a "Mr. Merryman." Even the Dominié himself joined heartily in the universal laugh, although he was one of the most phlegmatically constituted beings I ever recollect to have known. You would not, in fact, in ordinary circumstances, have seen a smile enliven his grim countenance from one year's end to the other. But what, in all probability, tended materially to put him into such a mood as to enjoy the joke in question, was the circumstance—an extraordinary rare one indeed—of his having that day got an accession of three new pupils to his school, *all of whom paid their quarter fees in advance!* When we had concluded the exercise of marching, he wished one of our men to furnish him with a specimen of the manner in which any of them deserted; and in a moment, the drummer threw down his musical instruments, pulled the green bag from his head, and darted out at the school-door. He did not return, however, till next morning; and the Dominie considering this to be carrying the joke too far, shut him into a large press in which he kept his globe, books, &c., in the character of a prisoner; intending he should remain in confinement until after dinner-time; but the drummer would not submit to so serious a punishment; and accordingly he burst open the press-door, lifted one of the windows, and made his escape immediately after the Dominie had left the school-room. The latter was so offended at the drummer's conduct, that he would never afterwards receive him into the school.

About six weeks after the above affair happened, a company of itinerating tragedians, a set of the

greatest ragamuffins I have ever seen, visited our village. One and all of them tallied admirably with the graphic description which Shakspeare has given us of the wretchedness of the strolling player. Every man of them—there were no women among them—had his entire wardrobe on his back, which was literally in tatters; and this, in conjunction with their lank cheeks, and otherwise starved appearance, presented one of the most striking possible illustrations of the extent to which human wretchedness may go. Poor fellows! young and thoughtless as I then was, I could not but be struck with the painful contrast which their *assumed* situation presented to their *real* one. It deprived me of three-fourths of the gratification I should otherwise have enjoyed from their performances, when, in all the pretended dignity and consequence of a George the Third,* I saw them at night personating majesty—heard them exultingly speaking of their millions of subjects—and of the tens of thousands of pounds with which their treasury was replenished,—while I knew that in the morning the poor creatures would be so "hard up" as to be scarcely able to muster as much of the circulating medium as would procure for them a penny roll for breakfast.

But, reader, I am wandering from my subject: I am digressing into a pathetic sort of disquisition on the miseries of the stage,—than which nothing could have been more remote from my original intention. To return to a narration of my schoolboy reminiscences. I have just said that once on a time a company of ragamuffin players visited our humble village; and that I, as well as several others of my class-fellows, went to witness their representa-.

* George the Third was the then reigning monarch.

tions. There is a strong disposition in the human mind to be critical on every subject which comes under its cognisance ; in fact, I believe that men are born critics. Be it known unto you then, reader, that as a matter of course we set to work to criticise the night's histrionic performances, when we met next morning in school. We were extremely fastidious in our taste,—discovering countless faults in the way in which the different actors personated the characters allotted them. We detected a thousand and one errors in their pronunciation, the tones of their voice, the management of their features, their gestures, &c. ; and with that feeling of vanity natural to us all, to young and old, we took it for granted we could have done much better ourselves. We sat at a table form, and in a moment the hateful "cat-o'-nine tails" alighted among us, having, with a happy precision of aim, been projected by the Dominie from his desk, though situated at the other end of the school. Never shall I forget the horror with which this unwelcome messenger instantly filled my mind ; and, judging from the sudden transition from the lively and laughable to the melancholy and terrified mood, which I observed in the physiognomies of my colleagues in the business, the emotions produced in their minds by the unexpected visit of this ominous intruder, were equally unpleasant. The truth is, it darted across one and all of our minds, as if by a kind of instinct, that we should forthwith be metamorphosed into tragedians, and that for the first time in our lives we should have to appear in the character of monarchs, dukes, assassins, lovers, &c. And to act in this new capacity in the presence of the Dominie and all the scholars, was a circumstance at which we shuddered. Besides, we knew our master's hatred of the theatre ; and this made us expect, in addition, a terrible corporeal punishment.

To all which, let it be added, that on the preceding day I had thrown the pedagogue into a dreadful rage, which had not yet materially subsided. He had sent me to his house, which was situated at a little distance from the school, for his writing-desk; and feeling it somewhat tiresome to carry it all the way in my arms, I placed it on my head, but, with my usual stupidity, in an inverted position; and, as the inkholder had no stopper, or cork in it, the last drop of the japan liquid was emptied among his papers, written and unwritten, valuable and useless. Never shall I forget the look of horror —and no wonder truly—which the Dominie gave when he opened his desk, and beheld its internal economy. The recollection of his indignation at this affair, filled all of us with dreadful anticipations of punishment, when "called up" on the subject of the theatrical business.

As usual, in those cases where the "tag" was thrown by the Dominie, we all—there were six of us—went up with it to him. "What now have ye been speaking and trifling about?" inquired he. Not one of us returned an answer; our tongues felt as if they had cleaved to the roof of our mouths. But in another moment, one little rascal who had been sitting beside us, but who happened at this time to have been "looking at his book," although generally the greatest talker and trifler in the school, bawled out, "They were speaking about tragedies and players, sir; they were at the theatre last night." Oh, how discordant and grating these words were in our ears! and still more so was the injunction of the master, uttered quite in the imperative mood, to repeat what we had seen and heard at the theatre,—adding, with an archness of manner peculiar to himself, "As I had not the pleasure of being there on the occasion." Not one

of us was able to obey the command; we all stood pale as death—motionless as statues—and silent as midnight: we were almost unconscious, in truth, that we were living beings. After the lapse of a few moments, the Dominie asked us what play we were speaking about; but no answer was received from us. The same little rogue, however, who had been already so officious on the occasion, again roared out, "It was the tragedy of Douglas, sir." "Oh, the tragedy of Douglas!" exclaimed the master, "why, you have part of it in your 'Collection;' "—Scott's Collection was the book we used in school —"you can surely repeat *it* at any rate, with suitable gestures." Still we were all silent. "Come, you *must* make the attempt," resumed the pedagogue in a much more authoritative tone than he had yet used, and one which, to a certain extent, roused most of us from that lethargy into which our extreme terror had thrown us. "You, Lawrence, begin the piece called Norval's account of himself." Lawrence stood trembling, but uttered not a word. In fact, he was so overcome with terror as to be scarcely able to support himself. Then addressing himself to me, the Dominie said, "You, sir, shall repeat the piece, this moment, or I'll punish you severely for your refractory conduct." Scarcely knowing what I was about, or what I was saying, I made the attempt in a quivering, tremulous voice. I commenced, "My name is *Nothing*."* Here the roars of laughter which proceeded from all parts of the school, and in which the Dominie mixed his peculiar ha! ha! ha! in a manner somewhat resembling the neighing of a horse,—almost drove me to distraction. The master saw it would

* The passage begins with, "My name is Norval."

be useless to make any of us again attempt to recite Norval's speech; and, therefore, as the fittest punishment for our conduct, he ordered us to stand up, all in a row, at the end of the school, with our backs to the wall, and our faces to the rest of the scholars. This was a sufficient signal to the latter to commence an universal hissing at our expense, mixed with epithets noways melodious to our ears, from which there was not a moment's cessation until the Dominie himself, having had his ears—and by this time, compassionate reader, guess what ours must have been—literally dunned with the noise,—interfered and restored order. We continued standing in the same place for about an hour, at which time the school "went out," and we were permitted to go too, with the rest of the scholars. From that time forward, I can answer for myself,—and I believe I may say the same for my five companions in disgrace on the occasion—,I never again opened my mouth in the school, touching the theatre, plays, or players.

I omitted to mention, that while we were thus compelled to stand up at one end of the school, as gazing, laughing, hissing stocks to all our "fellows," there was one poor wight,* a brother in adversity, sitting beside us on the cold grate, in the way of doing penance for acting in the capacity of a theoretical ship-carpenter, while he ought to have been attending to his lessons. He had been suddenly seized with a violent mania for making ships on his slate; and so completely did it hold possession of his mind for a time, that for several days he made ships to the entire neglect of his arithmetic. The Dominie at length discovered the cause of his not being able to "work his questions," and called him

* Charles Goldie.

up for the purpose of ascertaining what progress he had made in ship-building. The would-be naval carpenter was compelled to set to work, with a piece of chalk, on a large black board fixed to the walls of the school. After great hesitation, and not without the utmost reluctance, he made a ship. And such a ship! It was assuredly one of the clumsiest articles it has ever been my lot to behold. With what a lamentable proof did it furnish us of the poor fellow's total ignorance of mathematics and of ship-building! Years and years have rolled away since that same ship was made; but the idea of it has ever since haunted my mind, both in my sleeping and waking moments. I can picture it at this moment as vividly to my imagination as if I had only seen it yesterday for the first time. It had no sails: it had one mast, which was placed in the centre; and to the top of this mast was attached a rope which went directly to the place where the rudder ought to have been, although the architect had entirely forgotten to make a rudder; while from the top of the mast to the foremost end of the ship, there went another rope,—which constituted the whole complement of ropes the vessel could boast of. She had no bowsprit; and, with a strange perversity of intellect, the theoretical shipbuilder made the ropes of as great circumference as the mast. But it were vain to imagine, that by any description of mine I could convey to the minds of my readers, any idea of this singular piece of pictorial naval architecture. When the artist had finished his work, the Dominie, with a view to cure his propensity for ship-building, ordered him to sit down on the cold grate; but when he heard the loud and universal hissing and laughing directed at us tragedians, in consequence of our performances being "damned," he seemed to be secretly blessing

his stars for the comparative honour and felicity of his situation.

I have thus related a few of my schoolboy reminiscences, I shall take an early opportunity of resuming the subject.

THE FISHERS OF STOTFIELD.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

The 25th of December, 1806, is one of those days which will long be remembered with mournful feelings on the Morayshire coast. It was ushered in by one of the most calm and beautiful mornings which ever dawned on our northern regions. There was indeed a peculiar geniality in it. There was not the smallest perceptible undulation in the air. It seemed as if nature had shed a special freshness on all her works. The sky wore that beautiful appearance which is produced by an admixture of a blue with a lightish gray colour, and which imparts a golden tinge to the sun's rays when emitted through it. If there be such a science as the physiognomy of nature, the greatest proficients in that science, would, on perusing the appearance she presented on the morning in question, have laid it down as a settled point, that, for that day, at least, there was not the smallest chance of unpropitious weather.

For some days preceding the 25th of December, the weather had been so inclement and boisterous,

that the fishing-boats were prevented from putting to sea; and accordingly the favourable auspices under which the morning in question dawned upon them, were looked upon by the fishermen as a special boon from heaven—as one of the countless proofs which are daily furnished to mankind, that the gifts of Providence are conferred with a lavish hand on our earth, notwithstanding the ingratitude of man. With the first streaks of the morning's light, every fisherman in the village of Stotfield arose from his bed, and against nine o'clock had completed the requisite preparations for going to sea. The number of boats belonging to this village at the time was three; and these three contained twenty-one hands, being all the able-bodied male persons belonging to the place, who were thus employed for that day's labours on the face of the great deep.

Just as the men had taken their respective stations in the boats, and were about to commit themselves to the watery element, Charlotte Bain, a young girl of about twenty years of age, and who had all her lifetime been both deaf and dumb, was observed running from the village to the shore with incredible haste. On reaching the sea-side, she instantly leaped into the boat into which her father was, and, seizing him by the breast of his coat, motioned him to return on shore. The unfortunate creature's father, imagining it was some foolish notion she had taken to get him out of the boat, wished to take no notice of her dumb but expressive entreaties. On perceiving this, she at one time clung to him, her manner displaying a striking union of the piteous with the frantic; while at another, she dragged him with an almost supernatural force out of the boat. The father was afraid that, if, when his daughter was so warmly

opposed to his going to sea, he disregarded her wishes, the first thing he should hear on his return, would be her bereavement of reason, or perhaps that she had committed the crime of self-destruction. He therefore left the boat, intimating to his fellow-fisherman that he would that day remain at home.

The dummie—the name by which the young woman was usually designated—then expressed, by every sign she could employ for the purpose, her anxiety that none of the other fishermen should put to sea on the occasion. Among other methods by which she conveyed to them this anxiety, and forewarned them of the danger of persisting in the resolution to go a-fishing, which they had that morning formed, she took her father's hat off his head, and, laying it down on the ground, moved it backwards and forwards, and then upset it. All the spectators understood perfectly, that the impression which had somehow or other been produced in her mind, and which she meant to convey to theirs, was that the loss of the boats would be the consequence of the short voyage they were about to make. Regarding it, however, in no other light than as the consequence of some temporary mental hallucination, they smiled at the dismal forebodings of the dummie, and with joyful hearts left the shore for their fishing occupations on the face of the deep.

The dummie and her father, and all the other persons who had witnessed the departure of the fishermen, returned to their homes, after wishing them an abundant "take, and weel back again."

The village of Stotfield is situated on the northern section of a hill of great circumference, and of considerable altitude. It commands a most extensive prospect both of land and sea, particularly of

the latter. In an eastern direction no object whatever occurs to limit your vision. The eyes is literally lost in the immensity of distance while trying to take in as much as possible of the German ocean. Casting your eye in a south-east direction along the margin of the world of waters, you will, in a clear atmosphere, distinctly recognise the town of Peterhead, although more than fifty miles distant, jutting out, promontory like, into the mighty deep. Directly northward your vision rests on an extensive ridge of mountains in Sutherlandshire, a distance of upwards of twenty miles. In a north-westerly direction, again, your eye glides over a surface of water until it is interrupted by the hills of Caithness and Cromarty shires, the nearest of which is at least thirty miles distant. The eye may range through this vast extent of space without one's moving from the threshold of any of the doors of Stotfield; but, if you ascend the most elevated spot on the hill, you have a landscape spread as it were beneath your feet, which for its extent, its strikingly diversified aspect, and general beauty, is surpassed by few similar prospects in Britain. In regard to the extent of what may not, perhaps, be inappropriately designated *terra firma* space, over which the vision of the astonished beholder ranges from the eminence in question, it were not easy to form an accurate estimate; but while situated on it, I have more than once imagined that I then realized in miniature that strikingly beautiful portion of scripture narrative, in which the Saviour is represented as being led up by the prince of fallen angels to the highest situation on a great mountain, whence was shown him at one comprehensive glance all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof. Here your eye ranges, without being molested by any intervening object, over a

great proportion of the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, and over the largest portion of the lower districts of Morayshire, while the landscape is interspersed, in beautiful proportions, with the lights and shades of hill and dale, and wood and vale; with the half-gloomy majesty of rugged mountains, whose towering summits seem to embrace the canopy of heaven; and with the richest and most luxuriant plains of which Scotland can boast. The scene altogether produces an effect on the spectator who possesses any relish for the beauties of external nature, which must be felt before it can be imagined.

It is unnecessary to say that, with the sea continually before them, the villagers of Stotfield who remained at home, were at all times accustomed to look with an anxious eye to the movements of those of their relatives and friends who, in the prosecution of their usual vocation, had cast themselves in their little barks on the bosom of the mighty waters. On the morning in question, the villagers were not indifferent observers of the progress of their friends to and fro on the surface of the sea. After the latter had been some time "out," the villagers saw them hoist their sails and prepare for their return, most probably after having a successful take. They proceeded gradually homewards, as the slight breeze, which by this time stirred the air, enabled them, until within about a quarter of a mile of the shore, when a tremendous gale from landward sprang up with an instantaneous suddenness. The sails were in a moment taken down, and every oar was immediately put in requisition, in the hope of being thereby able to make head against the wind. Every hand exerted himself with more than supernatural strength, but all the endeavours of the fishermen did not enable them to make any perceptible progress

towards land. Although the sky continued perfectly clear, the gale soon increased to a perfect hurricane.

Those in the little village now saw the imminent danger to which the fishermen were exposed; and in a few moments its entire population, old men, women and children, were at the shore. But what could they do? What could a legion of the most able-bodied men in the kingdom, though present, have done for the unfortunate beings exposed to the relentless fury of the raging element? Nothing at all. The loud roarings of the sea—its mighty swellings—combined with the number and magnitude of its breakers, constituted a striking specimen of the terrifically sublime. The scene which was by this time presented on the shore, was scarcely less affecting to behold than that of the boats in distress. The number altogether standing by the sea-side may have been about ninety. Never can those who were present forget the agony and despair depicted in the most legible characters on their countenances, as they every moment expected to witness their fathers, husbands, brothers, and others related to them by the ties of the closest consanguinity, precipitated into the midst of the travailing ocean. The women ran about with dishevelled hair, uttering shrieks to which one would have imagined that even inanimate nature could not have been deaf; while the heart-rending exclamations of "My father!" "My brothers!"&c., which proceeded from the younger portion of those present, mingled in mournfully rapid succession with the dismal howlings of the wind, and the surly roarings of the waves. All the spectators, in fact, young and old, seemed to be everything but absolutely frantic. At this moment one of the boats upset, and in the next instant the yawning deep received into its insatiable bosom all who were in it.

One only rose again. He was a young man about the age of twenty. He caught hold of the boat, and for a minute clung to it; but, while in the act of making a wafture of his hand, as if recognising and bidding a final adieu to those on shore, a tremendous wave forcibly swept him from the boat and buried him in the ocean deep, to rise no more. No description can do adequate justice to the scene among the spectators on the shore, which followed this dreadful catastrophe; but there was one, a young and interesting woman of the age of twenty, on whose mind it produced a temporary frenzy or madness. In the frantic feeling of the moment, she was in the act of plunging herself into the sea, from out of which, in its then tempestuous state, no earthly hand could have rescued her; when a young man from the neighbouring village of Lossiemouth, the greater part of whose population were by this time on the spot, caught hold of her, and carried her, with the assistance of others, to the nearest house, where she received every attention until the momentary cloud which obscured her intellects had passed away.

The tempestuousness of the wind, if possible, increased; and the ocean raged and lashed itself without any abatement of its fury. In less than two minutes from the going down of the first boat, a second, with every hand in it sank in almost the same spot; and in a few moments more the third and last, with all it contained, shared the same fate. Three of the fishermen rose above the water, and sustained themselves for several minutes; but by the lapse of that time they, like those before them, sank to rise no more. If anything could have rendered yet more distressing the mournful spectacle of so many human beings perishing, in the manner it has been attempted to describe, it would have been the circumstance of one of the three men who kept themselves above

water some minutes after the sinking of the boat, struggling against the destructive element with his son, a boy of eight years of age, and who had never been at sea before,—in his arms, until both went down and perished together.

The scene which the sea-side now exhibited is left for the reader to imagine, as any attempt to describe it would be doing it the greatest injustice. It is perhaps, however, proper to remark that, but for the providential presence of strangers, some of those more nearly related to the unfortunate men now stretched on the bottom of the sea might, in the overpowering feelings of the moment, have fallen victims to their immeasurable sorrow.

By the exertions of others, all the remaining villagers of Stotfield were conveyed from the shore to their houses; but during the remainder of the day there was nothing to be seen or heard in their humble abodes but the signs and symbols of that grief which now reigned, with entire and undisputed supremacy, in the hearts of their bereaved inmates. The voice of lamentation, emphatically speaking, was heard resounding from every house, in accents loud and affecting enough to have superinduced a feeling of tenderness and heartfelt sympathy in the breast of any one in the composition of whose nature there was a particle of humanity. What a striking illustration did Stotfield that day furnish, of the beauty and force of that scripture passage, which represents Rachel as weeping for her children, and "refusing to be comforted because they were not." Night came; but to the widowed, and fatherless, and brotherless villagers of Stotfield, it was a doleful night indeed. It was one of pitchy darkness. The rains, too, descended in copious torrents, while the winds blew with great fury, producing altogether an effect which was in melan-

choly keeping with the overwhelming sorrow which pressed on the heart of every surviving villager. The plaintive moanings of the winds, and the heavy rains which poured in perfect torrents from the heavens, were so strangely blended with the deep-fetched sighings, the loud lamentations, and the copious tears which rushed down the cheeks of the survivors, that the human mind could not by possibility picture to itself a scene more mournfully affecting than that which the lately happy village of Stotfield presented on this memorable night. One would have thought, indeed, that Nature herself had become repentant—had felt the agonies of deep contrition, when she witnessed the amount of human wo which had been produced in so circumscribed a space, by the ravages on human life she had that day so unfeelingly and so extensively committed. And no wonder, although Nature had thus sorrowed at the scene of misery which the interior of the cottages of Stotfield exhibited to her gaze on the night in question. We do not overstep the limits of actual fact, when we say that sleep visited not the senses of one individual in the village,—that not one eye closed for a moment during any part of the whole night. So overwhelming was the sorrow of the bereaved survivors, that they could not even sufficiently compose themselves to recline on their beds. As if the extent of their grief had verged on absolute distraction, they alternately laid themselves on their couches, and arose and paced their apartments, until the approach of morning. Daylight, after the lapse of a night which in length appeared to them like an age, did at last come; and such of them as were able to walk the distance, went down with many of the inhabitants of Lossiemouth to the sea-side, in order that the rites of Christian sepulture might be given to such of the bodies as had been washed ashore. Seven were

found that morning, and the remainder in the course of that and the two following days.

Among the seven was the body of the young man who has been already mentioned as the one who caught hold of and clung to the keel of the first boat, after it had been upset, and who, at the very moment of his being swept off forever by a tremendous surge, had made an expressive wafture of his right hand, as if bidding a final earthly adieu to those on the shore, who were doomed to be the spectators of so mournful a catastrophe. When his body was placed in the cottage which had so lately been his happy home, the young woman, who immediately on his perishing, on the preceding day, had only been prevented by the timely interference of a stranger from voluntarily plunging into the sea and sharing the same fate, pressed through those who had carried it thither, took it in her arms, and embraced it. And what reader, think you was the reason of this young girl's feeling a peculiarly deep interest in the unhappy fate of "the lost." Why, she was his *betrothed;* nay, she was his *bride*, nay, more still, she was on the afternoon of that very day to have become his *wife.* How painful the contemplation that he whom she was that evening to have called by the endearing appellation of husband, and whom, in that character, she would have that night clasped in her affectionate embrace, was now lying before her a lifeless corpse, alike insensible of her ardent affection and her unutterable sorrow! What an affecting sequel did this prove to the bright anticipations of many a year of future bliss, which but so late as the morning of the previous day her young heart had so fondly cherished, from the apparently close approach of their hymeneal union together! The preparations for the marriage had been completed; and the cheer—consisting, as usual in similar cases, of a large bride-cake, bread, and

spirits—provided for those invited to the wedding, was made to answer the purposes of the bridegroom's funeral! The duties, too, of the worthy clergyman of the parish, were on this occasion strangely metamorphosed. Instead of being present in the bridegroom's apartment that afternoon, agreeably to a request made to him some days before, to pronounce in the hearing of the light-hearted and joyous spectators, that benediction which would at once have sealed the earthly union of the betrothed pair, and to express his fervent prayer for their future felicity,—he had to stand up in a company of heartfelt mourners, and, in the dignified and almost heavenly attitude which he so well knew how to assume, pour into the hearts of the bereaving and sorrowing individuals who surrounded him, the balm of Christian consolation.

But the death of her apparent husband was not the only bereavement which this young woman sustained by the loss of the Stotfield boats. Along with him, and in the same boat, perished her father and only brother. The consequence of these accumulated bereavements, was a depth of sorrow which engendered consumption, of which disease she expired in the space of a few months afterwards.

While in the act of interring in the church-yard of Drainie, the last body,—that of the old man, John Garrow—which had been washed ashore, an apparently middle-aged man, dressed in the habiliments of a soldier, advanced towards those who were present on the occasion. Not one of the persons at the funeral had any idea of whom or what he was, and his non-recognition of any one present, seemed to indicate that they were all equally strangers to him. At last he inquired the name of the person to whose remains they were performing the last offices of humanity. He was informed that the deceased's name was John Garrow, a fisherman

of Stotfield, who had been drowned on the 25th instant. This simple annunciation broke on the stranger's ear with a withering power, to which no description can do justice. The person whose remains had just been deposited in the grave, and whose coffin was not yet covered with the earth, was none other than his father. For upwards of twenty years the stranger had been in the army, performing many laborious and perilous services for his king and his country. He had met with many "moving accidents by flood and field," and had made many hair-breadth escapes with his life, both when on and when off the field of battle. The last scene of his services had been in India, from which he had just returned, bearing about with him palpable proofs of the wounds he had received in the course of his engagements with the enemy. He had procured his discharge; and, as a partial remuneration for long services in the cause of his king and country, and the valorous exploits he had achieved in the course of his military career, government had settled on him a handsome pension. He had returned home with a joyful heart, fondly hoping that his father might be still alive (he had heard of his mother's demise some years before), to share with him, in his old age, that liberal pension with which his king and country had been pleased to reward his services to both. But in one fell moment all his fond hopes were blasted, and all his kindly wishes proved impracticable. He proceeded to Stotfield with the persons who had accompanied the funeral of his father; and the desolation and sorrow he there witnessed only served to augment his own grief. He staid only a few days in his native village: longer he could not remain in a place which so far from possessing any charm to him, presented nothing either to his eyes or his ears but the ebullitions of that sorrow which still

pressed heavily on every heart. He left the village with the intention of going to reside, at least for a time, in a small town in the north of England, in which he had been stationed for some months during the earlier part of his military service; but after his departure he was never heard of again.

TRAVELS IN MORAYSHIRE.

BY A MOUNTAINEER.

Before proceeding to furnish the *world* with an account of my peregrinations through Morayshire, it may be proper to advertise the reader that I was born in the year 1800, in one of the most mountainous districts of Argyleshire; in which place I had incessantly vegetated until I set out on my tour to the far-famed county of Elgin. In person I am rather stout: my costume, like that of my ancestors for a score of centuries backwards, is that known by the name of the Highland garb,—in other words, it consists of a Kilmarnoch bonnet, a tartan coat, a tartan vest, a tartan kilt, tartan hose, and a couple of shoes made, as I am told, out of a cow's hide. It is unnecessary to add that I performed the whole of this adventurous journey on my legs.

On the 9th of October, in the year of Grace 1836, I had the gratification of penetrating Morayshire a little southward of Craigellache Iron Bridge; but until I came to the latter place I did not observe anything worthy of being "specially exhibited" in these pages. I was struck to admiration

with the magnificent bridge over Spey; and stood more than two hours on it, in the course of which time I interrogated every person that passed, on the subject of its origin, erection, &c.; but the whole amount of the information I received is, that it was built within the last twenty years—that the architect was an Englishman—and that all the time he was in this country, he evinced a desperate affection for roast beef for dinner.

Having sufficiently feasted my optics with Craigellachie Bridge, I hastened on to the village of Rothes, which, I suppose, is a distance of somewhere about two miles. Rothes is built on a very original plan. It has a long street, or rather two streets, separated by a small river, which extend in nearly a straight line from south to north. Then you have a row of houses which diverges from the High-street in an easterly direction. Altogether the little thriving town of Rothes has quite a mathematical appearance. I was agreeably struck with the manner of its inhabitants: and not less so with several novelties I saw in the shape of house and shop signs. From certain pieces of boards, with certain disjointed and hunch-backed letters scratched on them, appended to the walls of their dwelling places, I concluded that a reasonable quantum of the inhabitants were publicans. I was allured into an apartment by one of these sign-boards, the inscription on which seemed to me to import, that within was a repository of all the world's good things. On entering I asked to purchase three half-penny worth of buttermilk; but to my utter astonishment was informed they had not, and never had, such an article for sale.

Left Rothes at five o'clock in the afternoon, for Elgin. Saw abundance of mountains on all hands on the way; but paid little attention to them, as they are sufficiently plentiful in my own county.

Reached the burgh of Elgin at 8 o'clock precisely; and on entering the town had my ears regaled with the melodious cadences of a nocturnal and auroratical orator: I mean the article termed the Big Bell. As it was too late, and I was withal too weary to ramble through the town for the purpose of surveying its sights, natural and artificial, I determined on going to bed rather early, and rising in good time next morning to look about me. As I was an entire stranger in the place, I asked a woman whom I met in the streets, where I could get suitable lodgings for the night. After giving me a thorough perusal from head to foot, she directed me to an hotel on the north side of the town. I groped my way to it, though the night was somewhat dark. In my lodgings I met with a great number of *public characters*, and beheld human life in a greater variety of light and shade, than I had ever seen it before. One jovial fellow whose enjoyment of himself on this occasion, seemed to be without limits, was a stout blind man, a "traveller," as he designated himself, which, translaied into plain English, means a ballad singer. He had what the late Cobbett would have called a *she* companion with him, whom he dignified with the name of wife; but no one but himself seemed to look on her in that character,—as the female personage in question was known to the landlady of the house to have been the *nineteenth* female that the blind rogue had been led by, under the pretence of being his spouse. The gill-stoup was greatly in vogue on this occasion, and the glass circulated around the company with amazing rapidity. A person called the Kilbady minister* acted in the capacity of president. For a full half-hour

* This personage has been known for a great many years throughout the whole of the north of Scotland. He will either sing a song or preach some stolen sermon for a few halfpence; which is the mode in which he gets his living.

this gentleman, who seemed a strange compound of semi-insanity and roguery, preached up the evils of intemperance, while the consummate knave was himself unable to retain his equilibrium ; and so late as the night before, as I was informed, he had been so far gone in a state of inebriation as to be found lying in the street, apparently considering it a luxury of no common order to be allowed to roll his carcass about among the gutters. In the present instance, Kilbady was also very eloquent in his denunciations of the sin of theft ; but his ministrations seemed to have made very little impression on his auditory ; for two of them, while the scamp was in the midst of his lecture, were busily engaged in abstracting sundry copies, price one-half-penny each, of his printed divinity, which were bundled up in the corner of the room.

Not being accustomed to company of this description, I begged to be shown to bed, and was accordingly conducted up a timber staircase to a miserable apartment. By this time I saw that the woman who had directed me to the tavern, had evidently mistaken my character; but as I was a perfect stranger in the place, and it was now pretty far advanced in the night, I thought I might just as well put up where I was, until morning. I accordingly expanded myself on my bed, such as it was; but not a moment's slumber did I enjoy. How indeed could I? Laying the wretchedness of my couch out of the question, the entire house below was in a state of utter confusion. There was a continued running to and fro from one apartment to another; and an eternal moving up and down the wooden stairs. Nor was this the worst of the evil. The most conflicting sounds were every now and then wafted to my acoustical organs from the apartment in which I had left Kilbady and Co. For a couple of long hours I tossed my outward

man on my bed, enduring, with as much philosophy as I could muster for the occasion, these horrible, discordant noises; but at the end of that time matters had reached such a crisis, that I could lie no longer. The exclamation of "murder," had by this time fallen once or twice on my ears, and there was withal such a rumbling tumbling sort of noise, that I was induced to slip on my kilt, and re-enter the apartment which contained the Babylonish band, in order that I might see what was doing. And sure such a scene no mortal ever before beheld! Kilbady was stretched at full length on the floor, with his cranium located beneath a chair, while the whole apartment was literally strewed with his halfpenny-a-sheet theology. His hat was lying in half-a-dozen fragments, scattered in all directions; and his coat, by the very simple process of tearing off its longitudinal tails, had been expeditiously converted into a jacket. While our divine was thus lying at his ease, enjoying a sound repose, notwithstanding the noise around him, the old blind ballad-singer was engaged heart and hand in bolting his pretended spouse out at the window into the street—which object, notwithstanding the violent opposition offered by several of the *ladies* in the interior, he succeeded in effecting. It is but fair, however, to mention, that for his success, he was indebted to the assistance of a profligate poet —as I afterwards learned the personage was—who not only lent a helping hand, but was very serviceable in the way of lessening the opposition of others, by means of the oaths and imprecations he hurled at them in murdered hexameters. Adjacent to the fire sat a globular-built, and coffee-visaged female, busily engaged in roasting and masticating murphies, and who was apparently as unconcerned at the "sayings and doings," which were uttering and performing around her, as if in

a perfect paradise. In close juxta-position to this lady, vegetated a couple of little urchins of either sex, laughing and giggling at an old sailor who had anchored in the most distant corner of the room, and who was alternately drinking out of a jug of ale, the health of "our good king William the Fourth," and singing "Tallyho the Grinder." This quondam naval hero was one of the rarest biped curiosities I had for a long time seen. The altitude of his person did not exceed four feet. His nose would have matched with mathematical precision, that of the Duke of Wellington; while his two orbs rolled about in what one of our best poets would call "a fine phrenzy." His countenance was of a canary complexion, and indicated a truly enviable self-complacency with the situation in which his stars had placed him. Another personage of the utmost conceivable importance in his own eyes, with at least ninety-nine perforations in his coat—a part of his wardrobe which in days of yore had been of a black colour, but which now wore a semi-whitish aspect—was strutting through the apartment with his hands in his breeches pockets, with as much self-consequence as if he had been the monarch whose salubrity the aforesaid little sailor was so appropriately and heartily engaged in drinking. He seemed to take as little notice of anything that was passing around him, as if he had been the only person in "the hotel" at the time. I afterwards learned that "once on a time" he had been a Dominie; in other words, a teacher of "the young idea how to shoot;" but that having formed an unconquerable predilection for "the liquids," to the serious neglect of his "instructive" vocation, he had been rather unceremoniously ejected from his office; and being thus set adrift in a world quite as wicked and perverse as his pupils had often thought him, he betook him-

self, as a last resource, to the dignified calling of mending mutilated and dislocated umbrellas,—for which purpose he itinerated through the country. In another corner of the room, a regular fight was going on between a couple of Irishmen, who, not content with the full employment of their fists in the business, pummelled each other with every portable article which came within their reach. The tongs, a pair of bellows, chairs, stools, &c., were, in the course of the affray, put in requisition; but the worst of the business was, that in the plenitude of their pugnacious practices the two combatants came in contact with a cupboard literally surcharged with crockeryware of all sorts and sizes, which, with the entire of its contents, was thrown on the floor, and presented a magnificent specimen of destruction. Immediately, as this crowning catastrophe happened, the wife of one of the authors of the calamity, addressing herself to them, archly remarked, "See if you can lift them (the crockery dishes) up as whole again." The landlord of the house now made his appearance in an antiquated nightcap, and a unique pair of drawers; and after strutting about in the apartment with his own inimitable dignity of manner, demanded damages for the injury done. The offenders promised that before breakfast-time to-morrow, they would give him ample satisfaction; and thus the affair ended for the night. Whether they fulfilled their promise, is a problem which I cannot solve.

I then returned to my bed, in which in some one way or other I spent the remainder of the night, without, however, being five minutes locked in the embraces of Morpheus. Besides, this would have been utterly impossible, had there been no other impediment to my enjoying a little slumber, than the loud rehearsals of his own rhyme in which the poet before referred to indulged until morning.

Among other terms which occurred with sufficient frequency in the course of these recitations, were, "my muse," "the sacred nine," "gentle zephyrs," "pale Cynthin's beams," "inspiration's aid," "Sol's piercing rays," &c. Indeed, I verily believe that the major half of the fellow's nonsense consisted of these and a few other such like phrases. On the following morning I arose at six o'clock, paid two-pence for my night's lodgings, and sauntered out to see the town of Elgin, of whose fame I had heard so much.

On reaching the street, the first thing that attracted my eye was the new church. It is truly a magnificent edifice, and is worthy the sacred purposes for which it was erected. It was finished in about two years from the time at which the foundation stone was laid. The expenses incurred in building it, were little short of £9,000.

I next proceeded to the church-yard for the purpose of viewing the Elgin Cathedral, regarding which I had, even in our distant part of the country, heard so much. Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, I found the keeper of the church-yard —whose name I speedily learned to be John Shanks—busily employed in clearing away rubbish, and otherwise improving the beauty of the venerable place. There is something truly grand in this vast superstructure. And the first question which invariably occurs to the mind of the awe and admiration-struck beholder, is, what must the place have been when in all the "fair proportions" of its pristine grandeur? For some minutes I stood stock-still, gazing on the magnificent ruin; so overpowered, in fact, with mingled emotions of surprise, reverence, and admiration, that I was unconsciously chained to the spot on which I stood. After I had feasted my eyes for some time on the exterior of this majestic edifice, I was conducted by John to

the interior of a place called the Chapter House. And truly, I shall never forget the number and variety of architectural curiosities I there beheld. I was quite at a loss to know whether the objects themselves, or the minute, fluent, and luminous account of them with which John regaled my ears, were most deserving of my admiration. This venerable keeper of the church-yard is very profoundly versed in antiquarian lore. The number of stone representations of heads, bodies, mutilated arms, legs, &c., &c., must have amounted to at least five hundred ; and yet John knew what each and all of them were intended to signify. Among John's colony of broken stone heads, was one which particularly struck my attention. I thought it had been intended to represent some human being enduring excruciating pain. I expressed an opinion to my conductor to that effect ; but he somewhat tartly corrected me, by assuring me, with oracular confidence, that it was "John crying in the wilderness !" If I had had a little more leisure at command, I would have examined phrenologically a couple of dozen or so of John's congregation of heads ; but my time being limited, I was obliged to leave the Chapter House, and attend to other curiosities. But of all I saw and heard while rusticating among the ruins of this magnificent Cathedral, there was nothing which excited my astonishment, or called forth my approbation to a greater extent, than the extensive improvements which John had made on the area of the place, in the course of the short time it had been under his superintendence. I now forget—although I was duly informed of the fact—the number of cart loads of rubbish which this laborious individual had cleared away by his own unassisted exertions. He assured me also that he had still farther improvements in contemplation ; and mentioned,

among other things, that he intended to memorialize his friends the Barons of the Exchequer, with a view to the removal of several mausoleums which marred the beauty of the place. After inspecting a stone which John pointed out to me as the coffin of King Duncan, and admiring an archipelago of sheep belonging to my philosopher and guide, which were gormandizing among the numberless graves around me, I put my fist into my waistcoat pocket, took it out, and after extending it to John, bade him a very good morning.

After leaving the Elgin Cathedral, I called on two acquaintances with whom I stayed breakfast. One of them kindly undertook to show me everything worth seeing in and about the town. In his company I proceeded in the first instance to Lady Hill, on our way to which we met an infirm creature scratching a fiddle in the street. His name, my friend informed me, was George King. He seemed much delighted with my kilt. My friend and I gave him a halfpenny each, and as he was about to conclude the day's professional labours, we asked him the amount of his pecuniary success. He informed us that our penny made the sum total precisely three-pence-half-penny; but that the amount he made after going the circuit of the town, would not be more nor less than two-pence-half-penny, once in six months, although he regularly went it daily. My friend hinted to me that the secret of the business was, that there were just five individuals in the town who had no relish for music, and that they regularly gave George one half-penny each to pass their doors without making any noise. My acquaintance offered the musician another penny to "play up" the tune of "I lost my Love, and I carena;" but the poor creature, wistful as the look was which he cast towards the exhibited "needful," obstinately refused. I asked the reason of this un-

accountable conduct, and was informed that it was owing to the circumstance of his sweetheart, some years since, having broken off the "match" after the banns had been duly published.

We reached and ascended Lady Hill, from the top of which we enjoyed an entensive and beautiful prospect. A more luxuriant or fertile country than that portion of Morayshire which is within the range of the eye from this spot, I have never before seen. In relation to the hill itself, several interesting traditions were recited to me; but I cannot spare the necessary space to repeat them in these pages.

END OF VOL. I.